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L. A. WEINGARTEN



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MADAME ACHILLE.

AN INTERVIEWER'S ALBUM.

MADAME ACHILLE.

I.

A BOWERY DANCER OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Mme. Achille is still living somewhere in New York," said a gentleman in Nassau Street to a professional interviewer the other day.

"Mme. Achille! you don't say so," was the answer. "Why, she was at the Bowery Theatre when it first opened and disappeared from the stage more than fifty years ago."

"For all that she is living still," the gentleman said, "and if you want to see her you will find it no difficult matter to find her."

II.

THE SEARCH FOR THE DANSEUSE.

It was not so easy, however. The city directory throws no light on the subject, and the present generation of actors and dancers never heard of Mme. Achille. But she was in her day a favorite *danscuse*, the superior of Heloise, the equal of Hutin, the friend and associate, both on and off the stage, of Celeste. American dramatic literature is almost silent in regard to her, but in the playbills of the past her name is of frequent occurrence, and it was with a lively interest that the interviewer thumbed a bundle of these precious documents previous to the interview which he contemplated with the venerable lady. Equipped with all the

information which could be gathered from such sources and from books, he bent his steps toward the house where he was told he could obtain information in regard to Mme. Achille.

"Mme. Achille, the dancer?" said the young gentleman, inquiringly, who opened the door. "I know Mme. Achille used to teach dancing, but I never heard that she was ever on the stage."

He could not give any information, however, as to where she was to be found, except that she lived somewhere in Twenty-first Street. A homœopathic dose of the interviewer's newly acquired knowledge was imparted, and this had the effect of eliciting the gentleman's assistance.

"Let me see," he said, reflectively; "she owns a house in Clinton Place, about three doors from Broadway. It is probable you could hear of her whereabouts by going there. I know that she is in the city at the present time, and I hope you may be able to find her."

III.

FANNY SOLIER.

This clew led to the discovery of Mme. Achille's residence, No. 124 West Twenty-first Street.

"Her name isn't Asheel," said the interviewer's informant, "but Fanny Azulia."

Asheel or Azulia was all the same to the scribe, and he pronounced the name in his own way when he reached the house. A tidy servant girl was busily engaged in polishing up the handle of the big front door, and it was to her that the interviewer next applied.

"Is Madame Achille at home?" he inquired.

"Indade and she is, sir; but her name isn't Achille, but Achille-Solier." was the answer.

"Achille-Solier!" the interviewer exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," she added, "Achille-Solier, or Fanny Solier, whichever you like best."

The name was a surprise to the interviewer, but subsequent investigation showed that it was equally surprising to the journalists who preceded him.

"Achille-Solier—Achilles, heel. Phœbus, what a name for a dancer," cried one of the dramatic critics of the Madame's advent.

IV.

THE DANSEUSE FOUND.

"Can I see her?" the interviewer inquired, determined to assert the modesty of his tribe.

"Top floor, front room," was the laconic answer, and he was left to find his own way to the apartment of the once famous but now forgotten artiste. The door was wide open, and the aged lady was reclining on a sofa at the other end of the room. She rose when she heard his knock. She stood as erect as a young girl of twenty and bowed gracefully and graciously, while she was evidently mystified at the meaning of the intrusion.

"I have come from the *Universe*," the interviewer said, "to talk with you in regard to the theatre of the past—when you were yourself on the stage."

"It was a long time ago," she replied, with a quaint shrug of the shoulders. Evidently she was not inclined to be communicative on a subject which she has ignored for nearly half a century—a subject on which she seldom speaks even with the members of her own family.

"I know nothing of her theatrical life," said her daughter afterward. "If I ask her in regard to it she says she does not know."

V.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

Mme. Achille was born in Lyons, France, in 1797, and consequently she is now eighty-three years old. She married M. Achille, a dancer, early in life, and with him came to the United States in 1827. They appeared together at the Bowery in a grand *pas de deux* on the 1st of March, only a few weeks after the *debut* of Mlle. Hutin, who introduced the French style of dancing to the American public. When Hutin bounded on the Bowery stage, February 7, 1827, her symmetrical proportions liberally displayed by the force of a bewildering *pirouette*, every lady in the lower tier of boxes immediately left the theatre, while

the whole audience was crimsoned with shame. As a consequence, Mme. Achille was compelled to adopt a pair of Turkish trousers, and it was in such a garb that she first showed her grace and agility to the theatre-goers of half a century ago.

"The prejudices of the old-time patrons of the stage were very strong," said the interviewer after this episode had been discussed. Another significant shrug of the shoulders was the only answer.

The year of Mme. Achille's appearance in America was a period which was described by the veteran manager, William B. Wood, as a time when the drama was at sixes and sevens. "There had been a complete *debacle*," he says, "or breaking up of everything that had been. Permanence now belonged to nothing except failure, disorder and bankruptcy. The vitality of the theatre neither was nor can be destroyed, but its action was irregular, spasmodic and disordered." But it was a period of great activity and the managers were looking in every direction for attractions that would draw the public. During the ten years from 1827 to 1837 more distinguished names were contributed to the American stage than during any decade either before or since. Music and the drama both flourished, although more than one caterer to the public taste was ruined. Dancing, too, became the rage, and for the first time in the history of the American stage, it was sung of one of Mme. Achille's contemporaries :

Mincing Ravenot sports tight pantalettes,
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes.

But even of Celeste—the divine La Bayadere—Wemyss wrote, "Her poetry of motion was not appreciated." It was not long, however, until grace of movement had its effect, and in a little while the critics began to rave over the beauty and dexterity of the dancers. Forgetting the imputation of gross immodesty with which the introduction of the French school of dancing was received, the writers for the press and the public soon perceived that every limb, as seen in the perfect dance, was instinct with eloquence, and the "luxury of motion," the sylph-like movements and the airy spring and *jouissance* of the Vestris and Achilles were compared to the swell and fall of the Summer sea, the waving grace of the ripening meadow, the sweep of the willow

branch, and the skimming of a bird in the air, "We have stars in tragedy, stars in comedy, singing stars and dancing stars," wrote Isaac Harby at the time Wood and Wemyss were complaining, "but whatever be the attraction it is evident that foreign no less than domestic luminaries are expensive, and that however the ingratitude of republics may suffer the old lights to burn out, they can only prevail upon foreign stars to shoot from their spheres for a consideration of rather more charm and power than 'to hear a mermaid's music.'"

As Hutin was the first of the "dancing stars" of whom Harby and the rest of the critics wrote so enthusiastically, and as Madame Achille immediately followed her, the interviewer was intent in recalling the venerable danseuse's recollections of her compeer and contemporary.

VI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT DANCERS.

"Do you know what became of Hutin?" he asked.

Mme. Achille shook her head, saying, "She married M. Labasse."

"You remember Mlle. Heloise, of course?" the scribe continued.

"Oh, yes," Mme. Achille answered, "I saw her a few years ago. I have not heard whether she is still living or not."

"And Mlle. Celeste?"

"I saw her in 1872, when I was last in Paris."

All of these dancers came to New York within a few weeks of each other, and it is not impossible that some of them at least owed more to the Turkish trousers than they were ever willing to acknowledge—it is even probable that it was because of this restriction, at which the modern playgoer cannot fail to laugh heartily, that Celeste became the best melodramatic actress of her age. They also had the effect of bringing the great dancers then in the country in conjunction on the same stage, by compelling the managers to invent ballets of action for the display of terpsichorean art. The first of these was arranged by M. Achille

and was entitled "The Deserter." In this piece Hutin appeared as Louise and Mme. Achille as Jeannette. But a still more remarkable conjunction was in a ballet of the same kind, the work of M. Labasse, in which Celeste appeared as Getulbe, Heloise as Fatima, Hutin as Favorite, and Mme. Achille as Kessie. When these pieces were recalled to Mme. Achille's recollection she remembered them but very faintly.

"They must have been played at the Bowery," she said, "the theatre that was burned soon after it opened."

"Do you remember appearing at the Chatham Theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Gilfert?" the interviewer inquired. The old lady shook her head doubtfully, but after considerable effort recalled the beneficiary as the impoverished widow of the unfortunate manager of the first Bowery Theatre. Following this theme was the first voluntary information which Mme. Achille afforded in regard to the past.

"My principal experience on the stage," she said, "was with Mme. Vestris. I was Cherubin and she Susanne. We travelled together. That was in 1829."

It was impossible to induce the aged danseuse to be more specific. The Mme. Vestris referred to was Mme. Ronzi Vestris, whose son, Armand Vestris, the most popular dancer of his day, gave his name to that more celebrated Mme. Vestris, who a few years later became the most noted ornament of the English stage. The second Mme. Vestris and Mme. Achille were born in the same year.

VII.

NOT AT RICHMOND HILL.

"When did you retire from the stage?" the interviewer asked.

"In 1836," was the answer.

"Were you ever at the Richmond Hill Theatre?"

"Where was that?"

"In Varick Street."

"Varick Street?"

"Yes. At the place once owned by Aaron Burr."

It was evident Mme. Achille did not comprehend.

"He was once the husband of Mme. Jumel," the interviewer said by way of explanation.

"Mme. Jumel? I knew her. I do not know what became of her."

Mr. Ireland says in his "Records of the New York Stage" that Mme. Achille's last appearance was at Richmond Hill, in 1832, but it will be observed that she cannot even remember the name of the theatre.

"After you left the stage what did you do?"

"I taught dancing."

"Where?"

"In Walker Street."

"When did you give up teaching?"

"In 1848."

"Somebody, in writing about you in a book, says you returned to Europe."

"So I did, several times, but I always came back again."

VIII.

DANCING PAST AND PRESENT.

"I was told you saw the 'Black Crook' at Niblo's a few years ago. How does the modern ballet compare with the dancing in your day?"

"I have not been in a theatre for forty years."

This brought the interview to a close and the interviewer retired. His bow on taking leave was responded to with a simplicity and grace that a modern New York belle could scarcely equal, and with him he bore away an image of the sprightly old lady which he can never forget. Old as she is, the traces of her girlish beauty still remain. Half a century ago she must have been bewitching indeed. Mme. Achille accompanied the writer to the head of the stairway, but she evinced no interest in what he might say of her, for she remarked :

"I never read the newspapers."

"How is this?" said the interviewer afterward to his original informant. "Mme. Achille says she never saw the 'Black Crook.'"

" You saw her then ?"

" Yes."

" She forgets. I took her myself, and she was very much surprised indeed. I cannot describe her amazement over the changes which had taken place in the public taste since she was on the stage. I remember that she spoke of the trousers which she wore, and that she was horrified at the drapery of this age. She was a very vigorous and active old lady at that time; but it may be that her memory has since become impaired. I have not seen her for several years, but at one time I knew her very well. I was a pupil of hers when she taught dancing in this city, and although forgotten by the present generation, she was well known and very popular then. Her husband, I have heard it said, was the best male dancer ever seen in America at the time of his appearance, and she was scarcely less accomplished. A great favorite on the stage, she afterward became the pet of New York society, and most of the gentlemen of my age owe their ball-room agility to her instructions. Mme. Achille was always esteemed as a very worthy little woman, and many of her old pupils will be pleased to learn that she still lives and has been able to retain her faculties."

IX.

PERSONAL.

Mme. Achille resides with her daughter, and she has besides another daughter and a son, whose home is in New Jersey. Her health has always been excellent, and in spite of her age she is still as quick, active, energetic and vigorous as many persons who are thirty years her junior.



MLLE AUGUSTA.

MADemoiselle AUGUSTA.



I.

A COUNTESS IN PRIVATE AND A DANCER IN PUBLIC.

“They all praised me always,” said the famous Mlle. Augusta, with that exquisite shrug of the shoulders which only people of French birth and education know how to employ. A meeting had been arranged between an interviewer of the *Universe* and the most enchanting dancer of the past, and the opening remark of the great artiste, drawn from her by a commonplace compliment, was proof that the interview would prove a chatty and pleasant one. From the outset the interviewer felt embarrassed by the wealth and diversity of the lady’s recollections, and it was only her vivacity and intelligence which enabled him to keep pace with her reminiscences. Before him was a danseuse who had taken the town by storm before he was born—when even the American ballet was in its infancy—and whose step was still as light and her eye as bright as when she appeared a vision of loveliness before the astonished gaze of the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation on the boards of the old Park. When she came to America in 1836, Mlle. Augusta was already married, and in private life she was entitled to be called the Countess de Saintjames, but neither on her part nor on that of her husband, the Count, was there ever any assumption of the rank which belonged to them. Frequent references, however, have been made in the newspapers to the romantic union of a French nobleman, a descendant of the royal Stuarts of England, with this favorite child of Terpsichore, but to a lady who is known even among her friends as plain Mrs. Saintjames they could not fail to prove offensive. Although fully a quarter of a century has passed since the death of the Count, Mrs. Saintjames is still as sensitively alive to any imputation upon her husband as when she was sought after by the managers all over the country and he was her business agent and stage director.

"The private affairs of an artiste are something entirely different from her public career," she said, "and ought to be so considered. They all praised me, as I said, the managers as well as the public, but I had the easiest part—I simply went to the theatre and did my work there, while he had to go on the outside and had all the money matters on his hands."

II.

COUNT DE SAINTJAMES.

In his "Records of the New York Stage" Mr. Ireland refers to the frequent difficulties between the Count de Saintjames and the managers, speaking of him as her somewhat venerable husband. As gently as possible the interviewer called her attention to this, whereupon the lady opened her eyes in mild astonishment.

"Mr. Ireland," she said, "why he wrote to me some years ago saying he was making a collection, and asking me for any autographs or letters of artists which I might have. I sent him what I had, but if I had known he was going to say anything against my husband I would not have sent him one."

"What could have induced this stage historian," the interviewer asked, "to speak of the Count as your somewhat venerable husband?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," Mrs. Saintjames replied. "My husband was only thirty-four when we were married and he was not yet sixty-five when he died. But people will talk about things they know nothing about. They all say my husband was very difficult; he was difficult because he was honest and just. There was Mr. Wemyss in Philadelphia, he kept the receipts of my benefit. When my husband protested the actors formed a ring around him to make him fight. He was not a fighting man and would not set my wrongs right in that way."

"But Mr. Wemyss was a fighter," the interviewer remarked. "He once offered to fight Mr. Wood publicly on the stage of the Chestnut Street Theatre."

"It was not Mr. Wemyss who wanted to fight Mr. Saintjames, but one of the actors," she answered. "It was all owing to the absence of Mr. Archer, who had engaged to go with us. The fight was intended to afford an excuse for holding on to the money which belonged to me."

III.

MANAGERIAL BUFFETINGS.

Mr. Wemyss, in his "Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager," tells this story in a way to make the Count appear in the wrong and yet with an obscurity that seems intentional. The effort apparently is to create the impression that Mr. Saintjames had agreed to furnish the company and had failed in his agreement, but even this is not directly asserted. "He engaged to furnish the services of his wife (Mrs. Bailey) as Ninka, Mr. Bishop as the Unknown and Mr. Archer as Olifour, with twelve ladies as a corps de ballet," says Mr. Wemyss, the pronoun "he" evidently being intended for Mr. Saintjames, but the parenthesis enclosing the name of Mrs. Bailey—the once famous Miss Watson, brought to America to prevent her elopement with Paganini—making even this uncertain. It was one of those unfortunate quarrels the rights and wrongs of which at this day it would be impossible to ascertain. At all events, Mrs. Phillips took the place of Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Horncastle that of Mr. Bishop, while there was no Olifour, and the part was read by Mr. Pickering. "The furious Count," Mr. Wemyss adds, "became involved in a quarrel with Mr. Johnston which ended in blows, and I, in self-defence, retained the proceeds of her benefit subject to a legal decision."

"It was all a trick," Mrs. Saintjames asserts most earnestly, "and I do hope the *Universe* will do justice to the memory of my husband, whose reputation has been injured by the assertions of the tricky managers, with whom he always tried to deal fairly."

"Then there were others besides Mr. Wemyss?" the interviewer asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Mrs. Saintjames replied. "Mr. McKinney, at Buffalo, did something of the same kind, and we lost \$3,000 through Mr. Barry, in Boston."

Mr. Barry was the famous Thomas Barry identified with the most interesting recollections of American dramatic history. He made his first appearance in this country at the Park Theatre, December 16, 1826, as the Stranger. In 1833 he went to Boston to assume the management of the Tremont Theatre, but the enterprise failing, he returned to New York in 1839. From 1841 until

Edmund Simpson retired from the management of the Park, he was the efficient stage manager. In 1856 he went to Boston once more to take charge of the new Boston Theatre.

D. D. McKinney was "a young man well known in the neighborhood of Catharine Market," who first appeared at the Chatham Theatre in 1831. He afterwards became a favorite actor at the Bowery, but was dismissed from the company in consequence of his share in the riot which drove Mr. Farren from the stage. He then became one of the firm of Dean & McKinney, at Buffalo, N. Y., and Columbus, Ohio, but died in 1839.

IV.

WHY M^{RS}. AUGUSTA CAME TO AMERICA.

"How did it happen that you came to this country?"

"It was through Mr. Maywood. He was a manager in Philadelphia then, and came to Paris to engage either Taglioni or Fanny Ellsler, but as neither of them could go to America at that time, he entered into negotiations with us. I was to write to him in England if I would accept his offer, which I did. When we reached New York we gave him notice of our arrival, but he wrote back that the time he had intended for us had been given away. It was another trick, but it was better as it was, for if he had kept his agreement we should have gone straight to Philadelphia and begun there instead of in New York."

"But you had no engagement here. Did you find any difficulty in obtaining one?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, great difficulty. Mr. Simpson would engage me for only three nights, and then on very low terms. My husband said, 'No; we have not come so far for nothing;' but a friend who was a teacher in Philadelphia advised us to accept the offer, small as it was, and we did so. He said New York is the Paris of America, and if I succeeded here all the theatres would be open to me."

"Your reception was a flattering one?"

"Wonderful."

"In what did you appear?"

"In a scene from the ballet of 'Les Naïades.' There were two pieces besides. The opera of 'Cinderella,' in which Miss Horton made her debut the same night, closed the entertainment, and my scene was arranged between the opening piece and the opera. At Mr. Simpson's request, I also appeared in the opera in a character dance. I made a great success. After the close of the performance he came to my room and offered me the option of three nights more, and I availed myself of the offer. Then I engaged with him for another six nights."

"Mr. Simpson was not a daring manager?"

"He was very slow. But he asked me to appear again and furnish the entertainment. I proposed to produce Auber's opera 'La Bayadere,' in which Celeste was then playing at the National Theatre, in Church Street. There it was called the 'Maid of Cashmere,' but the manager was opposed to it because Celeste was there, and he was afraid of the opposition."

"And you—what did you do to combat his views?"

The answer to the interviewer's question was another exquisite shrug of the shoulders, which it was plain enough was also her answer to the manager.

V.

Mlle. Celeste and Miss Paton.

"The critics at the time said you eclipsed Celeste"

"It would not do for one artist to speak against another. We were altogether different. She played pieces that I would not play. She played in 'The French Spy' for one, and was more of a melodramatic artist. We played some of the same pieces, it is true, but not alike. I brought the French score of 'La Bayadere' with me, and it was translated by a gentleman named Lippit as nearly as possible to the French. The difference between the part as Celeste played it and my acting was that the one was dialogue and the other recitative."

"Explain the difference in the pieces more fully?"

"In Celeste's play the dialogue came first and the music followed; in mine the words were married to the music."

"Did you ever appear in the opera in English before producing it at the Park Theatre?"

"In England, yes, with Mrs. Wood and her husband."

"Miss Paton?"

"She that was once Lady Lennox. Mr Wood was a very handsome man and she was very fond of him."

"His enemies said he was not so very fond of her."

The answer was another shrug of the shoulders.

"And did you know Lord William Lennox?"

"Very well, indeed. He was a friend of my husband and often came to our house in London. He was homely, but a very fine gentleman and very fond of his wife. Even after she became Mrs. Wood he often asked me about her when I came from the theatre."

VI.

SUCCESES.

"Did Mr. Simpson pay you better terms for 'La Bayadere' than during your first engagement?"

"Twice as much. He even offered me an engagement for a year, but I refused it because I could do better."

"How long did 'La Bayadere' run?"

"Fifty nights."

"In how many pieces did you appear altogether?"

"I produced ten ballets in all, and played in them in nearly every city in this country and in Havana."

"I presume you found the Havana people very enthusiastic?"

"Not so much so as in New York. I never saw any public so enthusiastic as the New York public. When I go to the theatre now I do not hear the applause we heard then."

"How do the theatres of the two epochs compare?"

Madame Augusta answered with a significant smile.

VII.

GREAT DANCERS.

"Did you ever meet Madame Achille?" the interviewer asked.

"Only once or twice, many years ago," Mrs. Saintjames

answered, "A second dancer was required at the Park Theatre in 1837 and Mr. Simpson suggested her as one who might consent to take the part. I asked her, but she declined, saying it might injure her with her pupils,"

"Where were you when Mlle. Ellsler appeared in this country?"

"I was in Paris then. When I arrived there Fanny told me she was coming over here. I don't know how she did in America."

"When did you retire from the stage?"

"I never took a formal farewell, but my last appearance was with Mme. Anna Bishop at the Astor Place Opera House."

"Was that before or after the Macready riots?"

"Before. I was present the night Mr. Macready tried to play Macbeth but was prevented by the mob. Mr. Hackett had given me his box, and I had a good view of everything that was done. The noise was terrific. I saw the bench come down on the stage among the actors."

"I saw somewhere that you last appeared at Burton's?"

"I tried to manage Burton's, or Palmo's, once, but I lost money and gave it up in a few weeks."

"The name of Mlle. Augusta was a favorite one after you?"

"Yes; there was the little Augusta, Mr. Maywood's step-daughter, who went to Paris, where she forsook her friends, and Mlle. Augusta—Augusta Rabineau—a pupil of mine."

"You said your last appearance was with Mme. Bishop. Did you not appear at the Metropolitan afterward?"

"Oh, yes; that was at a concert. It was projected by General Morris and other friends after the death of my husband. It was in 1855."

VIII.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

The conversation turned upon the actors and actresses of the past, and while Mlle. Augusta had nothing new to relate of any of them, her talk was full of pleasant memories. Mr. Simpson she spoke of with enthusiasm as a kindly gentleman and an honest man. Mrs. Abbott she described as a very beautiful woman, and Mrs. Vernon, the sister of Clara Fisher, she said was an excellent actress. Of John Povey, the old stage manager, she declared, "I liked him so much."

IX.

PORTRAITS.

"I have a picture of you which I prized before I saw you," the interviewer said. "Now I see it was not a portrait."

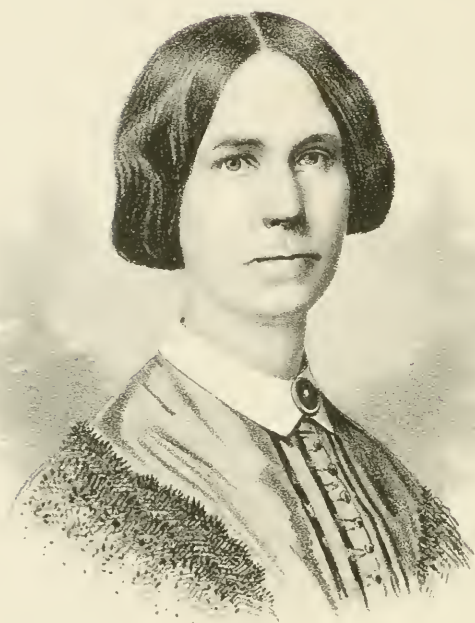
"One of those shop-window affairs," was the deprecating response. "They were not good. There never was but one picture of me that looked like me. It is a pastel by Heidemauer."

The accompanying picture is from the Heidemauer pastel. It was painted in 1837.

"Are there any engraved portraits of you?" the interviewer inquired as he was about taking his leave.

"Only one that I remember," she answered. "It was printed in Porter's *Spirit of the Times*. In the same paper was a picture of the Black Maria. I had to laugh at the company in which I found myself."

With the cheery smile which this fact inspired, the interviewer bowed himself out of the apartment.



MRS. CHARLES E. HORN.

MARY ANN HORTON.

I.

AN ACTRESS AND SINGER OF THE PARK THEATRE.

“He was the father of music in this country, the pioneer, I may say, of all that was beautiful in the art of the last generation.”

The speaker was once the wife of the late Charles E. Horn, the celebrated composer and vocalist, and was known to the English and American stage forty years ago as Miss Horton. She is now Mrs. Zust, and although no longer young she is still one of the most successful teachers of music in this city. In view of her early successes both as an actress and a singer on the stage of the Park Theatre, and of the interesting reminiscences she could not fail to possess as the wife of the most distinguished composer who ever found a home in America, an interviewer of the *Universe* called upon her at her residence, No. 39 West Twelfth Street, for an hour's chat about art and artists in the past. Mrs. Horn, or more properly Mrs. Zust, had been apprised of the interviewer's intended visit, and while she protested that she had nothing interesting to communicate, her recollections proved as charming as the melodies with which she once delighted the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation.

II.

FROM COVENT GARDEN TO NEW YORK

“I came to America quite unheralded,” she said, “but my success as the second lady at Covent Garden warranted me in the

undertaking. On the London stage I did whatever I was asked to do, and among other things I was asked to under study the prima donna's part in 'Fra Diavolo,' in order to replace Miss Romer in case of illness. This led me to think that if I could sing Zerlina, for another I could do something for myself. In consequence, I left Covent Garden and went to Paris, where I placed myself under the instructions of Signor Bordogni to prepare for the operatic stage. Then I came to this country alone, my *repertoire* comprising six operas—'Cinderella,' 'Marriage of Figaro,' 'Love in a Village,' 'Sonnambula,' 'John of Paris,' and 'Fra Diavolo.'"

"What were your favorite *roles*?" the interviewer asked.

"My great part," she answered, "was Amina. I was more successful in that and in Cinderella than in anything else."

III.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. WOOD.

"Cinderella was also a favorite part with Mrs. Wood," the interviewer suggested.

"Oh, yes," she replied, quickly. "Lady Lennox, the inspired idiot, we called her. She was a great artist—great both as an actress and singer. She could sing everything, from the simplest English ballads to grand opera. Her voice was full, round and rich. The only artist I have heard in recent years who could approach her as a singer was Parepa, and Parepa could not compare with Mrs. Wood as an actress. But she was the most simple, innocent and artless creature I ever knew. Her separation from Lord William Lennox caused a great scandal, but she would have it so. I think she was right, for she disliked Lord William very much, and besides he did not treat her well; he went to the treasury every Saturday for her, to which she was very much averse; but Mr. Bartley and others protested that her conduct with Mr. Wood was very improper. 'I must,' she answered, 'I love him so.'"

In her day Mrs. Horn was noted as a great mimic, both on and off the stage, and in recalling this speech of the great English

prima donna her girlhood's days came back for a moment and her imitation of Mrs. Wood's manner in voice and action was perfect.

"And this reminds me," she said, laughing over the recollection, "of an epigram of the time which was in everybody's mouth. 'She has forsaken her lord and taken unto herself an idol of wood.'

IV.

MRS. HORN'S AMERICAN DEBUT.

"Did you have any difficulty in securing a hearing in this country?" the interviewer asked.

"When I applied at the Park Theatre for an engagement Mr. Simpson told me I would have to wait until the next year for an appearance. This led me to make an engagement to go to New Orleans, but the New York appearance came sooner than I expected. Mr. Forrest had just finished a very fine season at the Park and the Keeleys were to follow him, but they became frightened in consequence of his success and refused to play. It was empty houses of which the Keeleys were afraid, and in this emergency Mr. Simpson came to me and offered me their time. I was so completely taken by surprise that I begged for ten minutes to make up my mind, and then I answered 'Yes.'"

According to Mr. Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," Miss Horton made her *début* on the 16th September, 1836, and the Keeleys appeared on the 19th. "Miss Horton," he says, "was not remarkable either for the brilliancy of her voice or execution, and although a painstaking singer and in unpretending passages really pleasing, was inadequate to the position of prima donna." Mr. Ireland, however, was not an infallible authority, for he gave the world Ole Bull's obituary more than twenty years ago, and Mrs. Horn declares that she filled her engagement at the Park to overflowing houses every night and that Mr. Simpson offered to renew it.

"I could not accept his offer," she said, "because of the New Orleans engagement. That Southern venture was how I came to meet Mr. Horn. He went to New Orleans with me as tenor, but

the company was so bad that we could not give opera. Instead we gave concerts, not only in New Orleans, but in other parts of the South. On our return to New York I again appeared in opera. My first tenor was Mr. Jones, who was a good singer, but not much of an actor; but now Mr. Horn sung the tenor *roles* with me. This engagement also was very successful, and from New York we went to Philadelphia, where we produced 'Don Giovanni' at the Chestnut Street Theatre, under the management of Mr. M—Ma—

"Maywood," the interviewer suggested.

"Yes," she answered, "Mr. Maywood. I always recall names by the aid of the alphabet. It is a way with me."

"How did you come to retire?" the interviewer then asked.

V.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES E. HORN.

"I became afflicted with a very severe bronchitis, and my physician told Mr. Horn it would be best to withdraw me from the operatic stage. But I did not withdraw from before the public entirely. For a number of years we gave concerts, and had the concert field almost to ourselves. General Morris liked to write the songs I sang and Mr. Horn set them to music. As a composer Mr. Horn was very happy. 'I've been Roaming,' 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Deep, Deep Sea,' and many other songs of his composition, were very popular. I often wonder if they would succeed now; but the public taste has changed very much, and instrumentation has destroyed melody. I wish I had a biography of Mr. Horn, but I have not. He was going to write his life and leave it for me in case of his death; but he was a very busy man—a man so full of ideas that he never accomplished it. He was always working as a composer. In the street, if an idea struck him he would stop and at once jot it down in his note-book. After his death it was impossible to find out what was owing to him, because even his account books were full of music and melodies."

"He was in some kind of commercial business in New York at one time, was he not?" the interviewer asked.

"He began business once as a music publisher. His chief design was to publish his own works, and at first he succeeded very well, but he took a partner, who unintentionally ruined him. This was Mr. Davis, who came to America as a flute player. The firm was known as Davis & Horn, but it could not succeed, because Mr. Davis, although a very nice man, was not a business man, and Mr. Horn was simply a composer and vocalist."

At this point the interviewer brought Mrs. Züst's attention back to the subject with which the interview opened—the importance of Mr. Horn's services to music in this country.

"You may well speak thus highly of him," she said, referring to the tribute to his memory conveyed in the interviewer's words. "His efforts to encourage music in America were not only very important, but they were entirely unselfish. Often, when I told him that a concert he was projecting would prove a bad speculation, he would say, 'We may lose a little money, but then it is the right sort of thing, and we must do something for the rising generation.' Our German brethren would not like to acknowledge it now, perhaps, but Mr. Horn was the leading spirit in the formation of their Philharmonic Society. That organization owes its existence to him and three others—Mr. Rosier, Mr. U. C. Hill ('Upper Canada Hill') and my brother-in-law, Henry C. Timm, the 'Amiable Timm,' as he was called. Mr. Horn was, besides, director of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for some years, and while he was a professor in the London Polytechnic, one of his lectures was on music in America. It was very humorous. He was very fond of the Americans and did everything he could to give character to the love of music in this country. He took great pleasure in illustrating in England everything American that was original and characteristic, and he even had me sing my 'Sweep Song' in Liverpool and other places. It produced a great sensation."

VI.

THE "SWEEP SONG."

"What was your 'Sweep Song'?" the interviewer asked. A ringing laugh greeted the inquiry.

"It was the cry of a New York sweep," she then replied.

"A negro sweep?"

"Yes. I heard it, and General Morris wrote the words to go with it. It was proposed to adapt it, as the phrase now is, but I said, 'Not one note in it must be changed; it is perfect as it is.' Mr. Massett was very anxious that I should sing it in public, but at first I declined, because I did not think it in keeping with white satin. One night I was at a concert and ball at the Apollo Assembly Rooms with Mr. Horn. I would never consent to sing at a concert where there was to be a ball, because the music would go for nothing, but on this evening Mr. Horn said to me, 'Now is your time, if you are ever going to try it.' I agreed, and sang the cry without any announcement. The people were very much surprised and looked up as if there was a sweep somewhere in the roof, and it was only when I repeated it that they knew where it came from. One of my pupils was present and protested that I must never sing it again, but my husband said, 'Don't you see the people like it?'"

The scribe was half inclined to ask the lady to sing it then and there.

"The last time I ever sang it in public," she continued, "was for Mr. Brougham's benefit at Brougham's Lyceum. On that occasion Mary Taylor asked me to teach her how to sing it, and I did, but Mrs. Brougham became very indignant when Mary attempted it. 'It is all right,' I said, 'I taught her.' Mr. Brougham wrote a stanza to introduce it—

I wish I was in New York City,
Eating of hot corn,
And listening to that lovely ditty
Sung by Mrs. Horn—

and then Mrs. Brougham's anger was appeased. Mary Taylor introduced it into 'Jenny Lind at Last,' and sang it for a long time afterward."

VII.

GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Did not General Morris attempt something more ambitious in conjunction with Mr. Horn than the words for your husband's songs?" the interviewer inquired.

"He wrote the libretto for the 'Maid of Saxony,' the last opera which Mr. Horn produced. This was in 1842. Mrs. Seguin was singing at the Park at the time and was to have undertaken the heroine, but she was seized with a severe cold, and so I was compelled to come out of my retirement and sing it."

Mr. Ireland says of this work that it had some pleasing melodies, and would have had a long run if it had been produced previous to the engagement of Mr. Seguin.

VIII.

A DISCOVERY.

"By the way," said Mrs. Zust, as the interviewer was on the point of taking his leave, "I have just had a letter from Stephen Massett. He will return to America in a few months, but his letter was especially interesting to me because he has just discovered a grandniece of mine on the stage at Covent Garden. This is Miss Orridge; and a cutting from *Punch*, which Mr. Massett enclosed to me, calls her 'a rich and rare specimen of the pretty contralto.' The manner in which he learned of the relationship was peculiar. He was in the habit, he writes me, of dealing at a fruiterer's in London where the woman in attendance struck him as bearing a striking resemblance to me. He told her one day that she looked very much like a lady he knew in America whose name in England was Mary Ann Horton. 'Why, she's my aunt,' was the answer. She is the daughter of one of my brothers, and it is her daughter of whom he sends me such favorable accounts as a singer and actress."

"It must have been a great pleasure to you to learn that the musical and dramatic instinct in your family had been preserved in this unexpected way?" the interviewer said.

"It was," she replied, "because we were a musical family, and to me it was especially gratifying, because I was the first of them who ever did anything. My parents were Calvinists, and in our youth none of us were ever allowed to go near a theatre; but I was always determined to adopt the stage as a profession. When my

father, who was extensively engaged as a manufacturing jeweller, became embarrassed, I was able to gratify my wish, and by that means to do something for his support and toward the education of my sisters. Two of them, who are younger than I am, became distinguished artists. Mrs. Timm came to America before I did. She was a great favorite at Mitchell's Olympic and died in this city many years ago. My other sister, now Mrs. German Reed, as Priscilla Horton occupied a high position at Covent Garden at the time I left London, and although she has retired, her name is one that is still familiar to theatre goers. She has never been in America, but her reputation has crossed the Atlantic nevertheless. I have watched her career with interest, and that of the many artists who have appeared since my first connection with the stage; for, although I have long been retired from the public gaze, I have never lost my interest in music and the drama."



CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

I.

AN OLD PLAYWRIGHT.

"It is a long time since I wrote for the stage," said Mr. Cornelius Mathews, in conversation with an interviewer from the *Universe*, "but my memory is clear in regard to the period in which I took an active interest in theatrical affairs."

II.

JOE COWELL.

"There are some reasons, however," he continued, "why I should speak of my own plays with reserve—business reasons, I may say—but in so far as I feel at liberty to talk about them I shall do so with pleasure. Although I was a very young man when I first began to write, I was a very active one, and my acquaintance was extensive, both among the theatrical profession and in business circles. As an instance of this, and an indication of the period into which I am about to take you, I must tell you of a tall, clerical-looking gentleman who once called on me with a letter of introduction asking me to assist him in procuring a publisher for his book. The man was Joe Cowell and the book his 'Thirty Years Among the Players.'"

A look of astonishment was the interviewer's answer, for Mr. Cowell's work was published as long ago as 1846. It is now out of print, and although published at only twenty-five cents it is worth five times that sum.

"I read the letter," Mr. Mathews said, "and as it came from a friend I was anxious to oblige, I expressed my willingness to do anything in my power. 'How large an edition do you intend printing, Mr. Cowell?' I asked. 'Ten thousand,' he answered. 'Is not that very large for a theatrical work?' I inquired. 'Oh, no,' he replied, confidently; 'everybody knows Joe Cowell. Why, I can sell two hundred copies at the Park Theatre.' It is true everybody did know Joe Cowell; he was a great favorite in his day, but I was curious to know how many copies of his book he sold at the Park Theatre, and so after it had been published some time I asked him the question. 'One,' was his answer."

III.

SIMPSON AND BARRY.

From Cowell to Simpson the transition was easy.

"Mr. Simpson was a peculiar man," said Mr. Mathews. "He always dressed in black, and his face looked as if it had been cut out of a board. But he was a very amiable person. I remember meeting him once at Mr. Barry's house in Marion Street with Mrs. Simpson, where they had gone for their customary rubber with Mr. and Mrs. Barry. The Simpsons and Barrys were great friends. I believe their friendship was cemented through a common misfortune, Mr. Simpson and Mrs. Barry having been once precipitated down a trap at the Park Theatre and seriously injured. It was through Mr. Barry that one of my plays was written."

"How was that?" the interviewer asked.

"It was when he undertook the management of the Boston Theatre. He asked me to write a comedy for his opening, which I consented to do, after some persuasion. When the theatre opened it was with a dramatization of 'Norma' instead. I never knew the reason it was not accepted, but it probably was because a New York author would be likely to prove about as acceptable to a Boston audience, on the opening of a new theatre, as Halleck puts it, as 'Gabriel to the devil in paradise.'"

IV.

"FALSE PRETENCES."

"What was done with the piece?" the interviewer inquired.

"I showed it to Mr. Burton when he was managing the theatre in Chambers Street. He produced it with decided success."

"Was it 'False Pretences'?"

"You may guess, and if you guess right it's all right," Mr. Mathews answered, laughing.

"Well, then, I guess yes," the interviewer replied.

"False Pretences" is a comedy intended to present a picture of both sides of New York society. *Jacob Milledollar*, a bank president, and *Adam Crockery*, a merchant, are brothers-in-law.

Frank Whittemore, a young lawyer, is their nephew. *Mrs. Milledollar* and her daughter, *Florence*, and *Mrs. Crockery* and her daughter, *Eva*, are the social contrasts. There is besides a sprightly widow, *Mrs. Golden*, and other subordinate characters, who will be recognized from their names—*Peter Funk*, determined to become a millionaire; *Dr. Crane*, a dining-out physician; *M. Boquet*, a French barber, who is mistaken by the *Milledollars* for a French nobleman; and *Mr. Berryman*, a sexton, whose prototype would be readily recognized even by the present generation. The plot hinges on a contest over a will and oscillates between the failure of *Crockery* in the first act and of *Milledollar* in the last. Burton played *Berryman* and Mrs. Burton the widow. Mrs. C. R. Thorne was *Mrs. Milledollar*, and Miss Emily Thorne and Miss Kate Reignolds were the juveniles. The comedy was produced December 3, 1856, and scored a success, as well it might, for it was really a very clever satire on New York society.

"Mr. Burton accepted the piece without hesitation," Mr. Mathews said, "with the remark that any one who thought it was not a good comedy did not know what a good comedy was."

V.

FOURIER GRISLEY.

"Was this the only play of yours produced at Burton's Theatre?" the interviewer inquired, anxious to obtain a solution to the question of the authorship of a piece called "Socialism," in which, as *Fourier Grisley*, John Brougham "made up" in exact imitation of Horace Greeley.

"There was another, a political satire, which they were afraid to produce at the Park because of its local hits," Mr. Mathews answered, "but I would prefer to say nothing about it."

VI.

"BROADWAY AND THE BOWERY."

"About the time you speak of, local pieces and pieces containing local allusions were very popular, were they not?" the interviewer asked.

"I can best answer your question," Mr. Mathews said, "by telling you my experience with Brougham. Some time after he had forsaken Brougham's Lyceum, in Broadway, he went over to the Old Bowery for a while. He was living in Mercer Street at the time, and I called on him at his rooms and offered him a tragedy. 'Now, if you had a local play, Mr. Mathews,' he said, 'I might do something with it.' 'Ah, that's where you are, Mr. Brougham,' I answered, and putting my hand in another pocket, I drew out what he wanted, and offered it to him. He looked over it then and there and said, 'I will produce that.'"

"And he did it?"

"Yes."

"What was it called?" the interviewer asked.

The dramatist only answered with a sad smile, as if he dared not recall the names of his deceased children. It may be remarked, however, that this drama was called "Broadway and the Bowery," and that Mr. Brougham played the leading *role*.

"The author was called for," Mr. Mathews said, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his beaming eyes, "and I was compelled to rise and express the pleasure I felt in pleasing my audience."

"Was this the first time you submitted your dramatic work to the judgment of the Bowery pit?" the interviewer inquired.

"By no means," was the reply. "Years before the date of which I am speaking—1856—a dramatic sketch, based on a chapter in a novel I had written, made a hit there so great that it made the reputation of one of our best known living actors, and was the means of supplying the capital for one of the most famous theatres this city has ever had."

"Tell me all about it," the interviewer said, with interest.

VII.

CHANFRAU'S "MOSE."

"Well, you see," was the slow and deliberate response, "when I was a young man I occasionally met in the lobby of the Park Theatre a good-looking lad—a ship carpenter—who, I thought, was destined for better things. That was Frank Chanfrau. He found his way to the stage first as a supernumerary, and before

long, at Mitchell's Olympic, almost by accident, he bounded into prominence and reputation. Mr. Baker, the prompter, for his benefit, produced a local sketch founded on the nineteenth chapter of my story, which he called 'New York in 1848.' It was in this that the fire laddy now so famous as *Mose* was introduced. Chanfrau was given the part, and, as he was a member of the old fire department, in which I also held honorary membership, he played it to perfection. So great was his success that the drama, 'A Glance at New York,' grew out of it and had a run of seventy nights at the Olympic, besides being produced at the Bowery and all over the country. Another piece, 'New York As It Is,' was built around the same part and produced at the Bowery Theatre about the same time, Mr. Chanfrau playing *Mose*, of course."

VIII.

BURTON'S.

"But Mitchell's Olympic and the Bowery were both famous long before either Chanfrau or '*Mose*' was heard of," the interviewer said, wondering where the capital that founded a theatre came in.

"It was Burton's I meant," Mr. Mathews said, smiling placidly at the look of incredulity with which the statement was received. "Mr. Burton had been struggling along in Philadelphia for a good many years—working hard and making little or no money. Stimulated by Chanfrau's success, he brought out '*Mose*' under the name of 'Jakey.' The result was that he cleared \$6,000 by the venture. This money enabled him to take Palmo's in Chambers Street, and so you see that little sketch of mine not only made an actor of Chanfrau, but it brought William E. Burton to New York and gave us Burton's Theatre."

"This is indeed remarkable," the interviewer said, and the dramatist only replied with a look of satisfaction which beamed over his whole face.

IX.

JAMES E. MURDOCH.

"Another actor, even more celebrated than Mr. Chanfrau, was identified with your earlier successes as a dramatist?" the interviewer suggested.

"Mr. Murdoch, yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"All his life, almost. When he came to New York he first appeared as a reader, and I did everything in my power to serve him. He made his *début* at the Park Theatre as Hamlet, and there also I sought to advance his fortunes. I have sometimes thought my friendship for him was too marked, as it created jealousies which might have been avoided."

X.

"WITCHCRAFT."

"In which of your tragedies did he first appear?"

"As *Gideon Bodish* in 'Witchcraft.' It was first produced in Philadelphia, and was brought out at the Bowery Theatre, New York, May 17, 1847. The most brilliant audience seen in the Bowery since the fashionable days of Mrs. Gilfert was present at Murdoch's benefit in this play. It met with great favor both in Philadelphia and here, and Mr. Murdoch subsequently played at the National Theatre in Boston, where Mr. Clapp says, in his 'Record of the Boston Stage,' it was received with unbounded applause. Speaking of its production in Cincinnati afterward, the same writer adds, 'The press of that city spoke of it in unequivocal terms, and in this city it was received with flattering marks of approbation by the press and the public.'"

"Was it ever published?"

"It was reviewed in London and translated into French by the celebrated Philarete Chasles, Professor in the Imperial University, an honor never before extended to any American work of the kind."

XI.

"JACOB LEISLER."

"Where was 'Jacob Leisler' first produced?"

"In Philadelphia also. It was played in New York May 8, 1848. The cast was an excellent one. Mr. Murdoch was *Jacob Leisler*, of course, and Mrs. Phillips *Mrs. Leisler*. Dyott played

Luke Milburne, W. Marshall *Breckholst Vermilyea*, Charles Burke, the half brother of Joseph Jefferson, *Ensign Jost Stoll*, and Mrs. Abbott *Francesca Bayard*. These are names that are unknown to most theatre goers at this day, but they were strong, sturdy actors, different in every way from the spindle-shanks interpreters of the drama we now see on the stage."

"How was the interpretation as a picture of the New York of 1690?"

"The play itself was faithful to the era, but I was not satisfied with the representation. Mr. Murdoch, although a splendid elocutionist, had not force enough for *Leisler*. I wanted him to dress the part with close cropped hair, inclining to curl, and the square-cut clothes of the old Dutch merchants. Instead, he wore his hair long and flowing, and he dressed in the robes which belong to the romantic drama. The result was that he not only lacked power in the impassioned passages, but he failed to look the part. He was too young—scarcely older in appearance than his son-in-law, Milbourne."

"Was 'Leisler' published?"

"Never; indeed none of my plays was ever published, although most of them were printed for convenience in dealing with managers. I have kept all of them, and during the last few years I have gone over them carefully, giving them such touches as they seemed to require. I have done this with all of them except 'Leisler,' which somehow did not seem to need any touching up."

"Do you contemplate reproducing them?" the interviewer inquired, but on this subject Mr. Mathews declined to say anything.

XII.

THE "PROMPTER."

"You were also at one time the editor of a dramatic periodical?"

"Yes. It was called the *Prompter*. Only four numbers were printed, when a misunderstanding with the publisher caused it to be discontinued. The whole edition of each number was sold, and, except my own copy, I do not know of another perfect one in existence. I wrote about actors and dramatists with absolute independence in those days. I remember I was particularly severe upon Forrest, but I fear I was not altogether just."

In talking with its editor, still a well-preserved and sprightly gentleman, the past was brought up almost as vividly as the living present, but it was difficult to believe that this excellent and scholarly old man, whose name is now almost if not entirely unknown in the theatres of New York, was in fact the most promising and successful American dramatist of the last generation.

NOTE.—Mr. Mathews “still lives,” and has now in hand, as the result of the last three or four years, the following productions, the best work, it is believed, of his life: a new edition of the tragedy of “Witchcraft,” revised and strengthened especially in the characters of *Ambla Bodish*, the aged heroine, and her young son *Gideon Bodish*; the comedy of “False Pretences” (under a new name), modernized, condensed, the entire fifth act re-written; a five act tragedy never performed, originally written for and accepted by Edwin Forrest, the MS. taken by him to London on his last visit, with the intention to produce it there. But Mr. Forrest’s complications, arising out of his quarrel with Macready, made an engagement impracticable, and he returned to America without appearing again on the British stage. From that time to the day of his death Forrest never appeared in a new part. The fourth piece is a new comedy in five acts and seven tableaux, written within the last year, which, to bring it home to popular apprehension, may be described, although entirely different in plan and treatment, as parallel in character, and as running in what is now a favorite channel of public amusement, with “Deacon Crankett.” To these as the product of the recent labors of Mr. Mathews are to be added three operas or opera libretti. The first a romantic comic opera in three acts, with an original subject and great novelty in its handling and details. The second libretto is a two-act musical extravaganza of broad fun, and inclining discreetly to burlesque and satire. The first of these is now in the hands of a distinguished composer to be equipped with proper music. The third work of this kind is an heroic, national, patriotic opera in two acts, remarkable for its melodious and lyric language and rhythm. To this the piano score has been made, exhibiting, as experts have pronounced, the best music of its kind ever written in America. These dramas and libretti are all in the hands of Mr. Mathews, and we can assert, of our own acquaintance with them, that they constitute a valuable property for immediate and profitable use in the way of public amusement.—*American Art Journal*.



HERR CLINE.

HERR CLINE.

I.

A FAMOUS ROPE DANCER.

An old man recently sought and obtained admission to the Forrest House who in his day was the most remarkable performer on the elastic cord ever known either before or since. In his youth he was unrivaled for grace and dexterity and daring, and he grew rich while he was still almost a boy. Now he walks with the slow and measured tread which bespeaks his almost four score years, and he is so poor that he is dependent upon others for the bread he eats. This is the venerable John Cline—Seiltanzer Herr Cline, 'as he was called—who is coldly described by the dramatic historians as "the best rope dancer seen in this country before the advent of the Ravels," and being long forgotten is written about as if he was long dead. As a man, Herr Cline is well known to the actors of the present generation, but few of them know of his great fame as a performer, and the younger men in the profession, who have seen him only quietly sipping his toddy of sherry at the Criterion, are apt to regard the reports of his youthful achievements as among the semi-myths which figurative writers have invented to adorn the annals of the stage. Herr Cline is not a German, as his designation would suggest, but so unmistakably English that he cannot even pronounce his chosen professional title—Seiltanzer—with the Teutonic flavor which makes it apt as well as descriptive. But his mind is a fund of dramatic memorabilia, and when he talks of the past every sentence which falls from his lips is rich with pleasing recollections.

II.

ENGAGED FOR AMERICA.

"I went to the Vauxhall Garden in London by appointment one night," Herr Cline said in reference to a query of the interviewer, "and there in a private box I was asked on behalf of Mr. Gilfert, the Manager of the Bowery Theatre, for my terms for an American engagement. 'Two thousand pounds for a year,' I said. It was a large sum, especially in those days, but I would not take less, and in a few months it was settled that I was to come out on my own terms. I came, and although that was more than fifty years ago, I am, as you see, still here."

"In what year was that?" the interviewer asked.

"In 1828," Herr Cline answered. "If I had my bills by me I could give you the exact date of my first appearance at the old Bowery. It was in the Spring—in May, I think—and only a week or ten days before the theatre was burnt. The fire took place on the night of Mrs. Gilfert's benefit, I remember. She was a great actress and the whole company was very strong. The Bowery Theatre at that time took the lead in everything, and although Mr. Gilfert's loss by the destruction of the house was very heavy, it did not have the effect of annulling my contract. I was idle for a short time, it is true, but only for a few weeks, for I appeared at Niblo's Garden in midsummer and then visited Albany and other cities while the new Bowery was rebuilding. Altogether my engagement, lasted three years and I earned \$30,000 under the terms of my first American contract."

"What did you do then?"

"I starred, with my brother Andre Cline as my business manager and stage assistant. I went everywhere, and everywhere I was esteemed as a great favorite. In those days I made a great deal of money—once I made a thousand dollars in a single night; but now in my old age—you would not care to hear it, I know, and I do not care to trouble you with it—but now in my old age I am very poor, indeed."

III.

LOSSES.

‘ But I do care to hear it,” the interviewer urged—“ that is, I care to hear it from your own lips, for I am well aware your misfortunes were not the result of any fault on your part.”

“ That is true,” Herr Cline said. “ Sixty thousand dollars went at one time in the failure of the United States Bank, and then there were other losses and misfortunes one after the other, which left me in the end a poor man. But my greatest loss was in the death of my wife a year ago. She had been my companion in life for fifty years, and now I am not only poor, but utterly alone in the world.”

A tear forced itself out of a corner of the old man’s eye and he turned away for a moment to conceal his emotion.

IV.

ART ON THE ELASTIC CORD.

“ I am well aware,” the interviewer said, as much to detract the old man’s thoughts as to gain the information asked for, “ that for many years you were unequalled in your own line. Will you kindly explain the special characteristics which made your performances so generally admired ?”

“ Whatever favor I received,” was Herr Cline’s response, “ was due to the fact that I was not a rope dancer merely, but an artist. All my acts were artistic. I did not simply exhibit dangerous feats, but performed them in character, dancing to music specially composed for each act. In this way I managed to give as much variety to my appearances as if I had been an actor or a singer. While my acts were in themselves always the same, each act was a distinct creation, differing from anything else that I did. To this variety as much as to my skill and daring were my success and

long continued favor owing. It has been a good many years, however, since I ventured on the rope, my final retirement from the stage taking place in 1862 "

"Where did you last appear?"

"Somewhere in Canada—I really forget the town—with Daddy Rice."

V.

BENEFITS.

In the course of his long career Herr Cline had his share of benefits, of which at least two are historic. One of these was announced as his farewell and took place at Burton's Theatre, New York, on the 20th of January, 1849. In this he had the assistance of John R. Scott, C. W. Clarke, C. M. Walcott, George Holland and F. S. Chanfrau. But one which took place in Philadelphia more than twenty years before, is even more interesting and has a story behind it which is worth the telling. In November, 1828, the Elder Wallack was engaged for the Arch Street Theatre at the rate of \$200 per night, and to compete with him Mr. Wemyss, the manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, sought to engage Mr. Forrest, but, to his surprise, the latter demanded the same terms which Mr. Wallack had obtained. Wemyss refused and Forrest was then engaged for the Walnut Street Theatre. In this emergency Wemyss depended on Herr Cline, who opened in the Quaker City on the 2d of November. "My whole energy was directed to divide the town, if possible," the manager writes, "during the engagement of Mr. Wallack, whose first appearance was announced for the 26th of November, as 'Hamlet.' I was certain if this engagement could be broken down the fortunes of the Arch Street Theatre would be broken with it; I therefore announced Herr Cline's benefit, with a grand ascension from the back of the stage to the gallery, surrounded by fireworks, for the 26th of November. Aided by Mrs. Knight and the new farce of

‘The Invincibles,’ which had made so decided a hit, the admirable manner in which the ladies went through the manual exercise being marked by the long continued applause of the audience, the whole available talent of the theatre being brought to bear, had the desired effect; we triumphed, and it was a triumph well worth the sacrifice made to obtain it.”

VI.

RETROSPECTIVE.

To Herr Cline alone it was not a sacrifice. All the parties to those rivalries, triumphs and sacrifices—Wallack, Forrest, Mrs. Knight, Wood and Warren and Wemyss—are dead, and only Herr Cline still lives. The interviewer called the old rope dancer’s attention to what Wemyss had written, and his eye sparkled with pleasure as he recalled the occasion.

“Yes, it was a great triumph,” he said. “I remember it as if it was but yesterday. The crowd in Chestnut Street was so great that I could not get into the theatre at the front and was compelled to find my way into the house by the rear entrance.”

The retrospection came as a great delight to the superannuated performer, and he dwelt with pleasurable excitement upon his exploits in the past. “There never was anybody like me,” he remarked, with excusable pride, for such is not only his own opinion of himself, but that of all who ever saw him.

VII.

OLD PRINTS AND PORTRAITS.

“I know how you appeared on the rope,” the interviewer said, “for I have seen a picture of you in one of your acts.”

“Have you?” he asked, and then taking up the theme, he described the picture at great length, standing up and balancing himself to illustrate his position in the print.

"When was it made?" some one inquired.

"In Philadelphia, more than fifty years ago," he replied.

"I want a picture of you for the Album," the interviewer interposed.

"I have not even one of myself," he answered, "but I can get one for you in Brooklyn. A friend there has two likenesses of me—one when I was a young man and one that was taken after my retirement."

"I want you as you are now."

"Very well, then," he said. "I am at your command and will sit for you at any time."

And so it was arranged that the interviewer and the performer should go to a photographer's together, but the inclemency of the winter interfered for several weeks, and it was only on the day before Herr Cline's departure from New York for the Forrest Home that the intention was carried out.

VIII.

STEPHEN MASSETT.

"I am taking leave of my dear friends," the old man demurred. "How long will it take?"

"Half an hour," was the reply.

He assented, and the two entered a car to ride to the nearest gallery. They had not gone more than a block when a merry gentleman, whose grizzled iron-grey hair and moustache gave a quizzical expression to his laughing eyes, appeared and sat down by the side of the famous rope dancer. A glance revealed both to the new comer and to Herr Cline that it was a chance meeting of old friends. The recognition was followed by a hand-shaking of such remarkable warmth that it made the other passengers stare, and the conductor was bewildered as to whom he was to look to for his fares. There was a rapid conference between the two old friends, in which the past, the present and the future could only be touched upon, and the photographer's was reached all too soon for either.

The apparition was Stephen Massett,—*"Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville."*

IX.

SECURING A LIKENESS.

"I wanted to introduce you to Massett," Herr Cline said after he left the car, "but we reached the end of our journey too soon. I have known him for more than forty years; he is very clever, and I was glad to meet him after his long absence."

The stairway which led to the gallery was climbed slowly and painfully, the fatigue of the effort showing the ravages of years upon one who was once the most agile of his kind. At last Herr Cline was in the chair facing the camera.

"The light is good," he said, as he sat down. "I shall be taken just as I am, overcoat and all—it is the best way."

A moment more and the counterfeit presentment was secured. Glancing at the deep set eyes and the long streaming side-whiskers on the glass, the old performer expressed himself satisfied and turned to go.

"Call again," the artist said, as he started down the stairs.

"I shall never call again," the old man said, sorrowfully, going down. When he reached the street he shook hands with the interviewer, with the request that a copy of the engraving should be sent to him "at the Home."

X.

FAREWELL.

It was on Sunday, the thirtieth of January, 1881, that Herr Cline made the journey to Philadelphia. Accompanied by Mr. Thomas E. Morris, the well-known actor, he went on that day because it was the only one his friend could give him. Admission to the Home was only obtained after a long and strenuous effort; for, strictly speaking, the venerable performer was not entitled to the benefits of the Forrest bequest. "He never spoke a line in

his life," said an old actor who had known Herr Cline since he first came to this country, "but he was almost without a home, and had always maintained such pleasant relations with the profession that everybody whose influence was sought endorsed and urged his application." It would have been sad indeed if his claim had been disregarded, for in his youthful days he was always recognized as an attraction in the legitimate theatres, and, as we have seen, he was even pitted against Mr. Wallack as a candidate for popular favor. Still, the old man felt keenly enough the adverse fortune which had reduced him to the necessity of ending his days in an institution from which the eleemosynary feeling is inseparable, from its design and character.

"It is not like going to a mere charitable institution," he said the day before his departure, and much as he tried to make himself feel that it was a home to which he was destined, the sadness of the necessity was mingled with his farewells to his friends. This sadness had its most plaintive expression in his reply to the photographer: "I shall never call again."



Allyn & Son, N.Y.

CHARLES R. THORNE.

CHARLES R. THORNE.

I.

A SEASON OF FIRST APPEARANCES.

"It was early in the year 1829," said Mr. Charles R. Thorne, the veteran actor and manager, "that I began my career at the Park Theatre. The season was a remarkable one for first appearances. Joseph M. Field was the first of the debutants. He selected *Roméo* to begin with, and as he was a good-looking young man and talented, he made a hit. Charles Muzzy came next. He was a New York boy, and did fair work as *Young Norval*. Then came my turn. The bills of the day announced the first appearance of a young gentleman of this city as *Octavian* in 'The Mountaineers.'"

II.

MR. THORNE'S DEBUT AT THE PARK THEATRE.

"It must have been a great occasion to you," the interviewer suggested. "When the time came," Mr. Thorne replied, with a smile, "the young citizen was all agog with excitement. Being well-known, the theatre was crowded. I had never been behind the scenes before the day of rehearsal and, of course, knew nothing of 'the secrets of the prison house.' Enough—the curtain went up on a capital cast of the fine old play." As he spoke, Mr. Thorne looked over some memoranda, producing a slip of paper which contained the following record:

Bulcasin Muley.....	Mr. WOODHULL	Ganem.....	Mr. T. PLACIDE
Sadi.....	" WILSON	Violet.....	" NEXSEN
Lope Toche.....	" BARNES	Goatherd.....	" WHEATLEY
Kilmallock.....	" RICHINGS	Zoradaye.....	Mrs. SHARPE
Roque.....	" HORTON	Agnes.....	" HACKETT
	Floranthe.....		Mrs. BARNES.

OCTAVIAN, by a Young Gentleman of this City. His first appearance on any stage.

"Octavian appears late in the play," Mr. Thorne resumed after the list of his associates had been inspected, "and while I was at the wing awaiting my cue, Mr. Simpson came to me and asked me how I felt? 'Very well,' I answered, and he kindly took me by the hand and said, 'Success to you.' That moment I knew was my time, and while the dear, good manager stood there, I spoke my lines outside—

I cannot sleep—the leaves are newly pulled,
And as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery—

and then with a bold dash I rushed before the blazing glare of the footlights. I was hailed with applause, of course, and as all went well, I concluded I was a great actor. Alas, I knew not what I was to go through, and little did I think I was to be the father of a race of kings."

III.

HIS SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.

"My second appearance was as *Pierre* in 'Venice Preserved,'" Mr Thorne continued, showing the cast, which was as follows:

Jaffier.....	Mr. BARRY	Priuli.....	Mr. WOODHULL
Duke of Venice.....	" WHEATLEY	Renault.....	" D. REED
Bedamar.....	" RICHINGS	Spinosa.....	" T. PLACIDE
Belvidera.....		Mrs. BARNES.	

PIERRE, by a Young Gentleman of this City. His second appearance on any stage.

"I don't think I was quite as successful as *Pierre* as I had been as *Octavian*. Mr. Barry was a fine actor and young, and he was the man to run away with most of the applause, but for all this the youthful debutante sailed along as the 'gay bold-faced villain.' On my third night—a benefit—I had the audacity to attempt the character of *Bertram*. I think I played it fairly for a novice—at least the people said so—and I was vain and foolish enough to think so, as all young actors are."

IV.

ANECDOTE OF THE ELDER BOOTH.

"Did you continue playing at the Park after these three appearances?" the interviewer asked.

"Not immediately," Mr. Thorne replied. "I concluded an engagement for Charleston, S. C. Let me remember as well as I can the ladies and gentlemen of the company—Charles Green, John Mills Brown, Thomas Faulkner, J. M. Scott (Big Scott), J. Woodhull, Charles Bernard, Decius Rice, D. Sarzedas, G. Lyons, Major Stevens, Mrs. Hamblin, Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Green and Miss Costar. The company was to stop at Norfolk, and as there were no railroads then, we all took passage on a schooner. After playing two nights, Mr. Booth, the elder, appeared in his ever-famous character of *Richard III.* During the performance, a man by the name of Jones, who was playing the *Officer*, gave a new reading to the speech, 'Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass,' thus:

Stand back, my lord, and let the passen cough.

"Booth was taken all aback, and turning away from the audience, he burst into a fit of laughter. Jones at once realized what he had said, and rushing off the stage, left the theatre; but Booth, at all times good-natured toward his brother actors, found him out the next day, and insisted that the management should retain him, which they did."

V.

A STORM AT SEA.

"At Charleston the managers were J. J. Adams and H. Willard, and the stars Thomas A. Cooper, Thomas S. Hamblin, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Blake and Clara Fisher. During the season Charles Bernard died and the company paid their last tribute to a departed brother. After three months of very good and some bad business

we disbanded, and as Mr. Adams had leased the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, he shipped a part of the company by sea to that city. I was one and the others were Scott, Rice and Lyons. We shipped on board a schooner of 80 tons. There were only two berths in the little craft. Big Scott had one and the Captain the other. Rice and I fixed ourselves as best we could on the floor and Lyons slept in the hold, where the old green curtain had been stowed away, together with the oil lamps, which were used for foot-lights. You may imagine that the 'green rag' was very smoky. When we got into the Gulf Stream it began to blow very hard, and while the little vessel was tossing like a shingle on the rough ocean, Lyons put his head out of the hold and called to the captain for God's sake to run her ashore. He had been lying in the green cloth and his face was as black as Daddy Rice fixed up for *Jumbo Jim*. In spite of the danger, it was impossible to refrain from laughing at his ludicrous appearance."

VI.

HOME AGAIN.

"At Baltimore, we opened with Mad. Feron in the opera of 'Masaniello,' but the season was a very short one, and soon all who could 'raise the wind' were off for New York. I was among the number and arrived in my native city after my first season on the stage, well convinced that 'all that glitters is not gold!' Mr. Simpson received me kindly, and I again played a short engagement at the Park, opening as *Luke* in 'Riches,' and following with *Pescara* in the 'Apostate,' with fair success. After this I went to Richmond, Va., as the juvenile tragedian, under the management of H. Willard. In the company were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cowell, Messrs. Dean, Reed and Rice and Misses Emily and Maria Mestayer; but the season was not a success, although Charles Kean and James H. Caldwell appeared as stars. It was an important engagement for me, however, for it was there I became acquainted with my wife, just about fifty-one years ago. I soon returned to New York, Mr. Hamblin having offered me an engagement at the Bowery Theatre, which I gladly accepted. I after-

wards opened at the Chatham Garden Theatre, on the south side of Chatham Street, below Pearl. At this theatre 'Brian Boroihme,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'Briar Cliff,' and many other popular dramas, were first produced. Subsequently I re-engaged with Mr. Hamblin, at the Bowery, reappearing there February 2, 1835, as *Duroc* to John R. Scott's *Napoleon*, and assisting in the production of Miss Medina's 'Last Days of Pompeii,' in which I played *Glaucus* to Mr. Hamblin's *Arbaces*. This play was beautifully put on the stage by James Anderson, commonly called Jimmy, and had a long run, for those days."

VII.

RICHMOND HILL.

"You were also at Richmond Hill Theatre about the same time, were you not?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes," Mr. Thorne answered; "after two seasons at the Bowery, I engaged with Richard Russell, who opened the Richmond Hill Theatre with a strong company, which included the great Mrs. Duff. This theatre rapidly passed through various hands—Jack Barnes, Flynn & Thorne, M. S. Phillips, Mrs. Hamblin and others attempting the management, with only moderate success. Thomas A. Cooper, the famous tragedian, played an engagement, opening as *Falstaff*, a character which he acted finely and looked to the life."

VIII.

IN THE WEST INDIES.

"You have been a considerable traveler, have you not, Mr. Thorne?" the interviewer inquired.

"I have been all round the world. Soon after the closing of the Richmond Hill Theatre, A. W. Jackson and myself engaged a small company for the West India Islands and sailed in the schooner *Roarer* for Bermuda. We had a rough passage, and while in the latitude of the island, it came on thick and ugly

weather. The consequence was that after knocking about for two days, the captain informed us he could not find the island, and as his vessel was bound to St. Thomas with freight, he asked us to go with him. We answered, 'any port in a storm,' and in five or six days we arrived there and opened the theatre to good business. After playing for four weeks, Jackson and wife returned to New York and I went to St. Croix, where the yellow fever played sad havoc with the little company. W. Graham, Sam Tatnall and Baldwin all died, but with the rest I started for Curacao, where we played to crowded houses for a short time before coming home. By this time I had become quite a family man, having two children, the younger of whom was born in St. Thomas."

IX.

MANAGER OF THE CHATHAM THEATRE.

"I then visited Halifax with my wife, W. Deverna being the manager, but I soon returned to my native city and opened the New Chatham Theatre, in the management of which I continued for three or four years, with triumphant success. Among the stars who appeared under my direction were Booth the Elder, Edwin Forrest, Jim Crow Rice, Yankee Hill, James Brown, John R. Scott, Billy Williams, Henry Wallack, Henry Placide, Hervio Nano, John Sefton, Mlle. Celeste, Josephine Clifton, Rose Telbin, &c. At this theatre Mrs. Thorne played *Jack Sheppard* over seventy nights. It would be impossible to enumerate the successful plays and dramas which I produced at that time, but as a general thing all were successful."

X.

OFF FOR THE BRAZILS.

"After retiring from the control of the Chatham Theatre I felt a disposition to rove again, and concluded to visit Brazil. I engaged Herr Cline, Monster Paul and Charles Mestayer and wife, now the widow of the late lamented Barney Williams; but we remained at Rio Janeiro only a short time."

XI.

A ROW IN BOSTON.

“My next appearance was at Boston, as the leading man at the National Theatre, under the management of W. Pelby, with Mrs. Thorne for juvenile and singing business. We continued there two seasons, when a grand row took place on account of my wife and myself. It would be a long story to particularize now, but the manager and all who attempted to speak in his behalf were driven from the stage, the chandeliers were broken and the lights put out. We left the theatre in consequence, and a complimentary benefit was given us at the Tremont Temple. After this I went to Cincinnati and acted with John Bates, then at Shires’ Garden, and afterwards I leased Rockwell’s Amphitheatre and fitted it up as a People’s Theatre, opening with Mrs. Mowatt and E. L. Davenport to excellent houses. At this time the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, was offered to me, and being anxious to return as a manager where I left as an actor. I could not withstand the temptation.”

XII.

BOSTON MANAGEMENT.

“I opened the house during the summer of 1847, for a preliminary season, with the Viennoise Children, and began the regular season in August, with James Wallack, the father of Lester Wallack, as the star.”

“What is your estimate of Mr. Wallack as an actor?” the interviewer asked.

“All who remember him will agree with me,” Mr. Thorne replied, “that he was the best actor who ever crossed the Atlantic. He was grand in tragedy and supremely excellent in comedy. Off the stage he was a noble and courteous gentleman, and on it the Prince of Actors—in fact, he ‘was a man take him for all in all we will never look upon his like again.’ I continued the management of the Federal for two seasons and then leased the Howard Atheneum, where I also met with much success.”

XIII.

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

“About this time the California fever broke out, and I started from New York on the steamship *Ohio* for Chicago, with my wife and two sons, Thomas and William, Charles Jr. being left at school. We were obliged to take a sailing vessel on the Pacific, and were sixty-five days in reaching the Golden Gate. We were the first professionals who visited that coast. There being no theatre at San Francisco, we opened at Sacramento with ‘Pizarro’ and the ‘Swiss Cottage,’ to a house of \$1,800. The next year the American Theatre was built and we continued playing to splendid business.”

XIV.

ROVING.

“Afterwards I started for Australia by way of the Sandwich Islands, and performed at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, with Mrs. Thorne, our daughter Emily and Miss Kate Dennin to fine business. On our return we stopped at Lima and Callao, and then I again went to California, taking with me Mr. Frank Chanfrau and Miss Albertine. I managed the new theatres at Sacramento and San Francisco for awhile and then sailed for China. Eighty days put us into Hong Kong. Business was splendid, but we met with a fearful loss, our eldest son dying of the cholera. My son Charles came to meet us, but only arrived in time to be informed of his brother’s death and that all the family had left for Calcutta. Edwin returned to China, where he met his brother, while we sailed from India up the Red Sea to Suez, Egypt, and after visiting the Pyramids and going up the Nile above Cairo, we embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles, and then passing some time in France and England, came back to New York.”



HENRY C. TIMM.

HENRY C. TIMM.

I.

A DISTINGUISHED PIANIST.

Among the noted artists of the last generation who still survive is Mr. Henry C. Timm, the pianist, the "Amiable Timm," as Mrs. Horn calls him. Mr. Timm was born at Hamburg, Germany, July 11, 1811, and received his musical education in his native city. "I was a pupil of Jacob Schmitt, quite a celebrity in his way," he said to the interviewer who called upon him at his residence in Hoboken for a chat about music and musicians in the past. "As soon as I felt myself sufficiently proficient in my art to appear in public, I came to New York, arriving in that city in 1835, the winter of the great fire. It was soon after my arrival that I made my *debut* as a pianist, my first appearance being effected at the Park Theatre, where I played for the benefit of John Kemble Mason. That I may say was mistake the first."

II.

THEATRICAL BLANDISHMENTS.

"Why?" the interviewer inquired.

"Well, you see," Mr. Timm replied, "I was surrounded by theatrical people on that occasion and they showed me so many attentions that I soon learned to love them and the theatre. I became infatuated with the footlights—so much so that I even consented to play the second horn in Mr. Simpson's orchestra, that I might be near them. I was, besides, to play solos when called

upon, but this occurred only five or six times during the season. Whenever I appeared as a pianist it was with success, and my mistake was in giving my time to orchestral or theatrical music instead of piano recitals and teaching."

The last sentence was accompanied by a significant shrug of the shoulders, which meant so much more than the words conveyed, that the interviewer was confident there was some other reason than the potency of theatrical blandishments for Mr. Timm's acceptance of a second place in an orchestra to the more profitable occupation of teaching the piano to the Flora McFlimseys of that epoch. Mr. Timm paused, lit a cigar, and then, throwing himself back in his chair, explained his meaning more fully.

III.

AN UNMUSICAL EPOCH.

"Musical taste in New York at that time," he said, "was at a very low ebb—so low that it was no satisfaction to teach. The bands were mostly composed of black people—it seems incredible, but it was so. Any little girl who could play a waltz was considered wonderful. Of course, no society like the Philharmonic could exist at that day—it came later. It is no vanity in me to say that there was then in New York only one musician who could be compared with me."

"Who was he?" the interviewer asked.

"William A. King," Mr. Timm replied. "For a long time he was the organist of Grace Church. I held the position for a few months myself, when the church was down town, near Trinity. Mr. King came after me and was there still when the present Grace Church was built. He died some years ago."

IV.

MRS. TIMM.

By deftly bringing the old musician back to his orchestral experiences, the interviewer led Mr. Timm to speak of the distinguished artist who bore his name for many years.

"It was while I was connected with the orchestra of the Park Theatre," he said, "that I became acquainted with my first wife. She could sing and dance and played in the farces as well as in the musical burléttas. It was no easy thing to hold a responsible position in the Park company at that time. In 'Deep, Deep Sea,' in which Mrs. Timm was the *Cassiope*, Mrs. Gurner was *Andromeda*, Mrs. Vernon *Amphitrite* and Mrs. Chapman *Persens*. They were great artists, all of them, and the stars about that time were Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Watson—you have heard the Paganini story—Mrs. Austin and Miss Lydia Phillips. Then as a danseuse was Mlle. Augusta, who was young and beautiful and exceedingly graceful. She played the *Bayadere* while I was in the orchestra with great success. William Abbott, for many years the juvenile tragedian at Covent Garden, came over the same year, and Charles E. Horn was soon to sing in New York once more with his customary effect. Abbott was a fine-looking man, stylish but haughty. Horn was always jovial and full of anecdote. Then, too, the Placides, Tom and Harry, Latham and many others, were great favorites with the Park audiences. It was in competition with such artists as these that Mrs. Timm was compelled to work her way to the front. In 1840 she went to the Olympic Theatre, where she begun the season as *Mrs. White* to Mitchell's *Peter*. It would be impossible for me to recall the parts she played while she was a member of Mitchell's company. One of the last that I remember was *Apollo*, when the good old burletta of 'Midas' was revived in 1842. She was first in everything, but failing health finally compelled her to withdraw and she was ill for a number of years before her death, which occurred December 28, 1854."

V.

ABBOTT'S CHARLESTON VENTURE.

"When did you quit the Park orchestra?" the interviewer inquired.

"Soon after my marriage," Mr. Timm answered. "About that time Mr. Abbott organized a company for Charleston, S. C., and I went with him as musical director. Mrs. Timm, also, was with the company. While I was with Abbott I composed a great deal

of melodramatic music for him. 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp' and 'Cherry and Fair Star' were among the pieces for which I composed the music. It was music for the occasion only, but it would be impossible to determine if it had any value, for I have scarcely a scrap of it left, nearly all of it being burnt in the Charleston fire of 1839. I remained three winters in Charleston, playing at Buffalo the first summer and at Baltimore the second."

VI.

CONCERTIZING.

"At the close of my Charleston engagement," Mr. Timm resumed, "I gave concerts with De Begnis, the original *Figaro* in the 'Barber of Seville,'—Rossini wrote the part for him—as the tenor. He was a good actor as well as a great comic singer. I had with me besides a lady, a very good artist, whose name I now forget. We met with fair success, but I was anxious to get back to New York and I came. I returned just before the opening of the new opera house in Church Street. Some of my friends wanted me to teach the piano, but I was still in love with the theatre and preferred it to teaching. It was foolish, I know, but I was younger then than I am now. In consequence I was induced to accept the post of chorus master at the Italian Opera House. That was my last experience in theatrical life, and subsequently I gave my attention wholly to concertizing and teaching."

VII.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

"You spoke of the Italian Opera House just now," the interviewer interposed. "You meant, I presume, the rebuilt National Theatre?"

Mr. Timm shook his head by way of an affirmative response.

"The theatre opened," he said, "with a new opera by Charles E. Horn, called 'Ahmed el Kamel, the Pilgrim of Love.' Unfortunately it was a failure and soon gave place to Mr. and Mrs.

Seguin, who had just come over with an English troupe. That was their first appearance in America, but Mrs. Seguin can give you better and more complete information in regard to the artists who composed the company than I can. The season throughout was unfortunate, and as short as it was unfortunate. The house remained open only a few months, when it was burned a second time with all its contents—scenery, music, library, wardrobe, everything. It was then I began to think I had had enough of the theatre and made up my mind to teach. If the Opera House had not burned I do not know but that I would be in the theatre still—once in, it is so difficult to get out of it. It was that fire which first put a damper on my ardent preferences for theatrical life before and behind the curtain, and led me to adopt the course which I subsequently pursued.”

VIII.

AN INFLUX OF GREAT ARTISTS.

“Although a very few years had elapsed,” Mr. Timm said, pausing to pour out a glass of pale sherry for his visitor, “musical taste had greatly improved, and this improvement was marked by a wonderful influx of great artists from abroad, both vocal and instrumental. I had what I may call a monopoly in accompanying them. People seemed to think that no one could do it so well as I. I led Ole Bull’s orchestra at his second appearance in New York, and when Henry Herz came over with Sivori, we played together on two pianos. Sivori was a pupil of Paganini and Herz one of the best pianists who ever visited this country. They gave concerts together at the old Tabernacle, a large building but a tub—horrid! When Artot, the violin-player, was here with Cinti Damoreau, I accompanied at their concerts also, and at many others which I cannot remember now.”

IX.

EIN CLAPPERKASTEN.

Suddenly Mr. Timm’s face brightened, and giving one or two vigorous puffs to his cigar, he broke into a hearty laugh.

“I played in Jenny Lind’s concerts in Tripler Hall,” he then

explained, "on a monster piano made by a Mr. Pirsson, an old piano-maker, which enabled two players at each end to play a quartet. The piece was by Moscheles and was called 'La Contrast,' and was one of the few original pieces composed for eight hands. The players were Jules Benedict, Mr. Scharfenberg, Otto Dresel and myself. Jules is now Sir Julius, you know. In his peculiar German way he called Pirsson's piano a 'clapperkasten'—a rattle-box. The whole thing was only a Barnum trick, and in any other hands than Barnum's would have been too ridiculous to attract any attention whatever. As soon as he had no further use for it nobody cared anything for it, and so, after an unsuccessful attempt to exhibit it in some towns in Connecticut, the inventor sawed it in two, because of its unwieldiness."

X.

AS AN ORGANIST.

"You have been connected with the church as well as the theatre and the concert-room, have you not?" the interviewer asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I was for many years the organist at St. Thomas' Church, when it was in Broadway, at the corner of Houston Street. Afterwards I was at the Church of the Messiah, under both Dr. Dewey and Dr. Osgood, and finally I went to Dr. Bellows' Church in Fourth Avenue. This, I believe, completes my church service."

XI.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

"But my most important service to music in New York was in connection with the Philharmonic Society. In 1843 or 1844, when the Society was still in its infancy, I became its President, an honor which I retained until 1860, when I resigned. While I was at the head of the Society I generally played once during the season. Then we only gave three concerts each year, instead of six as now, and we worked very hard for very little money. One season we

divided only seventeen dollars among about fifty members, but we were all animated by the true musical spirit and would not give up. I succeeded U. C. Hill as President when he went to Europe, and after his return he became Vice-President under me. Since my time somehow the Philharmonic Society has changed its policy and chooses its presidents because of their social influence rather than on account of their knowledge of music. Everything is changed, and I am to-day a complete stranger in the Society, in spite of the fact that for nearly twenty years I was its President. Of this I had a singular proof at the last rehearsal. I wanted to hear Bach's Cantata and went to the stage-door to obtain admittance. Nobody recognized me. 'I am Mr. Timm,' I said, 'and was President of the Society for many years.' 'That may be,' was the answer, 'but we don't know you.' At last somebody came who did know me and I got in. I had a lesson to give, and when the Cantata was finished it was necessary that I should go; but, difficult as it was to get in, I found it more difficult still to get out. Every part of the house was crowded, but while I do not blame the members of the Society for not knowing me and have no fault to find with them because their concerts are profitable, still I could not help thinking that they ought to remember that philharmonic does not mean the love of money, but the love of harmony."

It is impossible to express on the printed page the exquisite humor with which the last sentence was delivered. It was undeniably a pun, and as such reprehensible, but it was uttered with a piquancy which gave it a delicious flavor. In spite of its satire, it did credit to the heart as well as the head of the Amiable Timm, and its wit ought to be relished by the members of the Society, especially those who never heard of the celebrated musician who, as its President for so many years, did more than any one else to perpetuate its existence.

XII.

RETIREMENT.

"The last night of my connection with the Philharmonic Society," Mr. Timm said in conclusion, "was a great occasion. The firing on Fort Sumter had been followed by the President's

call for troops. There was a great meeting in Union Square that night, but we had a crowded house at the concert notwithstanding. It had been announced that Miss Brainerd would sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and the audience was requested to join in the chorus. I never heard anything so grand in my life. There were not fewer than three thousand voices, and all were moved by a patriotic fervor which amply compensated for any lack of artistic excellence. I never expect to hear anything like it again, and I remember it with the greater satisfaction because it was on the last night of my official connection with music in New York. Since my retirement I have had no other ambition than to teach the piano. I have seen the growth of musical taste and culture in America, and I think I may claim some credit for my share in their development."

This brought the interview to a close, and lighting a fresh cigar from Mr. Timm's box, the interviewer withdrew from under the hospitable roof of an artist who has done more than any one else to foster the love of music in this country

"America will be the home of the music of the future," Mr. Timm said, as he was closing the door.

"And you its father."



JOHN BANVARD.

JOHN BANVARD.

I.

A CRITIC'S VISITOR.

Before I became an interviewer I was a critic. My duties included the discussion of the current literature, music and the drama, besides which I constantly contributed to the great journal with which I was connected, leading editorial articles on the financial condition of the country and on important sporting events. It is no egotism in me to say that I wrote well on every subject, and the erratic young man who paid me my salary evidently believed I wrote but about the things of which I had the least knowledge. "I was appointed a musical and dramatic critic," I once explained, "because I was incompetent, and dismissed because I was successful." I had a large acquaintance with books, however, and I was soon able to acquire no mean stock of information touching the drama and dramatic history. My multiform duties brought me in contact with many men of many minds, and it was a chance meeting with the quaint but gifted old man who is the subject of this paper which makes a personal explanation necessary. Sometime in the year 1873 John Banvard sought me, bringing me a queer book with an imposing title, which he asked me to read and review. I had never seen or heard of the man before, but his appearance and manner, and above all, the oddity of his book interested me, and the conversation took a wide range. I made no notes of it at the time, and so cannot undertake to reproduce it word for word, or even in colloquial form, but the substance of his story still lingers in my memory, and in relating it now I may say that only the words in which Mr. Banvard's history is told are my own.

II.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

From Mr. Banvard's conversation I learned that he had been an artist—self-taught and ambitious—a lecturer, a writer of books, a dramatic author and a manager; in fact, everything but an actor. His story was replete in interest, full of adventure, and, if not a romance, rich in the kind of stuff out of which romances are woven. He was born in the City of New York, where his early friend and associate was Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" and numerous dramas. Like his friend, Mr. Banvard informed me he evinced a talent for poetry during his childhood and wrote verses before he was nine years old. Subsequently he contributed to the poet's corner of his friend's journal, and when he was exhibiting his panorama of the Mississippi he was accustomed to recite one of his own poems, "The White Fawn," in illustration of a scene in the moving picture. His childhood was beset by the hardships which befall most American youths, and when he was only fifteen years of age his father failed in business and he was turned adrift upon the world. Boy as he was he determined to go West and grow up with the country. His first employment was in a drug store in Louisville. "My employer told me," he said, "that I could make better likenesses than I could pills." John thought so, too, and set up for a painter, but at first he met with little success, and so he started down the river with some young acquaintances to seek other fields for the exercise of his talents. "I was only sixteen at the time," he remarked, as nearly as I can recall his language, "a fatherless, moneyless boy, but while I was floating down the noble Mississippi for the first time, a very extraordinary idea came to me. I had read in some foreign journal that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but had no artist capable of delineating it. Within myself I resolved that I would take away the reproach from my country—that I would paint the sublimest and beauties of my native land. I chose the scenery of the Mississippi for my theme, and resolved that my picture should be as superior to all others in size as that prodigious river is to the streamlets of Europe; in a word, my grand object was to produce for this country the largest painting in the world."

III.

THE LARGEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

The Panorama began with a view of Rush Island and the bar of the Upper Mississippi, and then followed the Bluffs of Selma, looking like the facades of mighty temples; Herculaneum, standing, as it were, in an immense natural amphitheatre; the Plateau rocks; Jefferson Barracks; the old French settlement of Vide Pouche, and St. Louis, with views of the United States Arsenal and of Bloody Island, a favorite old duelling ground. Then came in quick succession views of the Missouri River, the mouth of the Ohio, Cairo, the Iron and Chalk Banks, the Indian Mounds at Island No 25, Plumb Point, the Chickasaw Bluffs, with views of Fulton, Randolph and Memphis, Presidents' Island, Stack Island, Vicksburg, Palmyra Island, Grand Gulf, Natchez, Ellis' Cliffs, Bayou Sara, White Cliffs, Prophet's Island, Baton Rouge and New Orleans. In these pictures Mr. Banvard was very fond of introducing correct likenesses of the steamboats then plying on the river. At Rush Island he showed the wreck of the steamer *West Wind*; at the Iron Banks he gave a view of the *Peytona* wooding by moonlight; at Mills Point he exhibited a diving-bell at work on a wreck, and Palmyra Island was apparently painted as a background for the steamer *Uncle Sam*. Figures, too, were introduced: Indian warriors lazily reclining on the green sward while the squaws prepare their frugal repast, and slaves working in the cotton fields, with the mansions of the planters and the "negro quarters" in the background. All the varied and characteristic scenery of the river was depicted by the artist's faithful and glowing brush, but although it was declared at the time that the genius and enterprise of the painter would be honored so long as the great Father of Waters continued to pour his tides into the ocean, the picture is forgotten and Mr. Banvard still lives.

IV.

BANVARD IN BOSTON.

This remarkable endorsement of Mr. Banvard's genius as an artist came from Boston and was uttered by a Governor of Massachusetts. Accordingly it is not astonishing that Mr. Banvard

should speak in the strongest terms of the heartiness of Bostonian appreciation, for Boston not only passed resolutions in his honor, but resolved itself into a public meeting to do it. In the year 1847 Banvard's Panorama was exhibiting in Amery Hall, and Gov. Briggs was present with a large number of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives. After the picture had passed, William Bradbury, Speaker of the House, suggested that the spectators organize themselves into a public meeting and give expression to their sense of the merits of the painting. Gov. Briggs took the chair and made a laudatory address in which occurred the sentence above quoted. The resolutions which were adopted were equally remarkable for hyperbole. "Extraordinary merit;" "the boldness and originality of the conception;" "the industry and idefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his herculean work;" "its minuteness of detail," and "the wonderful illusion of its perspective," are only some of the expressions in the preamble which led the Bostonians to resolve that "as Americans it is with emotions of pride and pleasure we commend this splendid painting and its talented artist who, by its production has reflected so much honor upon himself and the country of his birth," After this the press could not fail to be unstinted in its praise. "In magnitude and grandeur this painting has no equal on the face of the globe," said the *Times*. "One of the most living, charming things that ever came from the hands of man," declared the *Atlas*. "It cannot be fully appreciated," interposed the *Olive Branch*. "A masterpiece both in design and execution," exclaimed the *Post*. "Alone in the annals of art as a marvellous monument of the patience, daring ambition and genius of American character," chimed in the *Herald*, capping the climax. It is no wonder Mr. Banvard was grateful toward Boston, for Boston made a lion of him while he was still almost a lamb.

V.

BANVARD ABROAD.

But Boston went further, and was not only gratified with his "truly rational and intellectual entertainment," but wished Mr. Banvard a favorable reception in Europe when he should visit it. As a matter of course, Mr. Banvard could not fail to go abroad after such an introduction. For four years he busied himself exhi-

biting his panorama in England and on the continent. "Nearly all the European sovereigns and great dignitaries," said the *New York Illustrated News* in 1853, in exhibiting him in the Turkish dress he wore in the East while taking sketches for his picture of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "and over five millions of other persons visited the picture of the Father of Waters." The cause which led to his adoption of this costume he related with great good humor. "When we crossed the Atlantic," he said, "I wished we might have an ocean storm, and the old mate said he had often heard persons express the same wish, 'but when the wish was gratified by the reality, they generally made another, and wished themselves out of it.' When I sailed for Africa, I was anxious to see a simoon, but when one overtook me, I heartily prayed I might be out of it. We were sailing along very slowly before a gentle evening breeze, near the Gebel Sheik Hereédee, on the 31st of January, 1850. The sun had set brilliantly in the golden sand of the great Lybian desert, which stretched far away, bounding the horizon on the west; the night had set in, and thousands of stars were glittering in a clear atmosphere, such as is only found in Egypt. Our Arab crew were sitting idly on the deck awaiting the order, when the light wind should die away, to land the *dacharbecah*, and tie up for the night; when, all of a sudden, the vessel was in confusion. the *riis*, in his loudest tone, gave hurried orders; the men hastened into the rigging; the pilot shouted. I stepped on the deck to learn the cause of the tumult. All was dark. I had hardly time to cast my eyes aloft, when I saw our large lateen sail clewed up, and heard a rushing sound toward the desert. Our crew began shouting and praying, calling on Allah—some smiting their breasts, others prostrating themselves on the deck, and all terror-stricken and in confusion. I could hardly believe my senses, when, suddenly, the blast struck us like a discharge of artillery. Our vessel quivered with the concussion; the masts gave way with a tremendous crash, and went by the board, careening the vessel over with them; the water rushed in the hatches of the cabin, when she instantly filled and sunk. So instantaneous was all this, that I could hardly believe we were sinking. I succeeded in getting on the side of the vessel when she went down, but my companion, Fowler, was swept off by the rush of water. Fortunately, he seized a table that floated near him, and succeeded in reaching the wreck, when I assisted him on the side

of the upper deck, which still remained above water. The hull struck the bottom in about two fathoms—very providentially for us, sinking on a bar. We all clung to the portion that remained above, and were able to keep ourselves from being carried away by the fury of the tornado. All this time the Arab crew were in the waves, holding the floating spars; and, being expert swimmers, none were lost; but they kept up an incessant wailing and praying, and the name of Allah, at intervals, could be heard, mingled with the howling winds and rushing waters." The simoon ceased as suddenly as it came, and Banvard succeeded in saving his sketch-book and his trunk, but the Arabs opened it, and not only robbed him of all it contained but of his watch and money as well. The most of his clothing went with his trunk and thus the Turkish costume became a necessity. "It was a capital adventure," he remarked, "but I told my friend at the time that the scene would paint up well."

VI.

"BATTLE OF THE NILE."

These untoward adventures did not deter Banvard from prosecuting his voyage up the Nile, where he met fresh adventures. At a small mud village, not far from Thebes, his boat was attacked one morning by the natives, when a hot fight ensued between the crew and the beligerent villagers. It was occasioned by the sheik of the place attempting to seize one of the Nubians attached to the vessel, for a soldier, as an order had been sent to him demanding a certain number of able-bodied men and he, being unable to make up the desired complement, undertook to meet the demand by sparing some of his own people and seizing one of the crew, when a severe fight ensued—the hands on board fighting manfully to protect the boat and save their comrade. They succeeded in beating off the rascally crowd, taking the sheik of the village prisoner, who, after being tied to the mast and severely bastinadoed, was set at liberty upon a sand bar in the middle of the Nile. Banvard humorously called this the "Battle of the Nile."

VII.

A HERO OF MANY BATTLES.

The battle of the Nile was only one among Mr. Banvard's many adventures. When as a boy in his sixteenth year he first

sailed down the Mississippi, the flat-boat in which he made the voyage was attacked by the Murell band of robbers at Plumb Point, and during the conflict he narrowly escaped death. Once, when he was exhibiting a diorama on the Wabash, some rogue cut his boat adrift and it floated down the river with the audience aboard. Not only was Banvard compelled to battle with wicked men, but with the elements. Many times his boat was stranded on the bars of the rivers or lashed with the fury of the storm. While making his preparatory drawings of the Father of Waters, he was compelled to suffer fatigue, hunger and exposure to the rays of the sun and the peltings of the pitiless storm. He pulled his own skiff more than two thousand miles. He procured and prepared his own food for over four hundred days while making his sketches. Fevers prostrated him, and many times the hand of death seemed laid upon him. Even his eyes became inflamed with the extraordinary efforts he was making, and it was many years before he recovered from the efforts entailed upon him by his great undertaking.

VIII.

WOODWORTH ON THE PAINTING.

His drawings completed, Banvard hired a room at Louisville to transfer his pictures to canvas. The purchase of three miles of canvas was in itself a vast outlay for a poor man, and at the time he was so poor that he could not hire an assistant, and so he was compelled to mix his own paints at night after working all day. While thus engaged, Woodworth, the poet, visited him at his studio. "Within the studio all seemed chaos and confusion," his friend wrote to the *Home Journal*. "Here and there were scattered about the floor piles of his original sketches, bales of canvas and heaps of boxes. Paint pots, brushes, jars and kegs were strewn about without order or arrangement, while along one of the walks several large cases were piled, containing rolls of finished sections of the painting. On the opposite wall was spread a canvas, extending the whole length, upon which the artist was then at work. A part of this canvas was wound upon an upright roller or drum standing at one end of the building, and as the artist completes his painting he thus disposes of it. Not having the time to spare, I could not stay to have all the immense cylinders unrolled for our inspection, for we were sufficiently occupied in examining

that portion on which the artist is now engaged and which is nearly completed, being from the mouth of the Red River to Grand Gulf. Any description of this gigantic undertaking that I should attempt in a letter would convey but a faint idea of what it will be when completed. The remarkable truthfulness of the minutest objects upon the shores of the rivers, independent of the masterly style and artistic execution of the work well make it the most valuable historical painting in the world and unequalled for magnitude and variety of interest by any work that has been heard of since the art of painting was discovered."

IX.

EXHIBITING THE PICTURE.

When the panorama was to have been shown for the first time in Louisville, not a single person came to see it. Subsequently, however, Mr. Banvard secured the presence of a number of well-known river men, and their testimony to its merit and truthfulness brought him overflowing houses. It was successfully exhibited in New York and Boston—everywhere in America and Europe. It brought money into the purse of the artist and led him to undertake other paintings, and finally into management. His name will be remembered in theatrical annals in connection with Banvard's Museum, and his skill will be long celebrated because of his magnificent production of the "Sea of Ice." As a manager Mr. Banvard was not so successful as a diorama painter and exhibitor. His theatre which belongs to what is known as the New York Museum Association, is now under the direction of Augustin Daly, the first of its many managers to make it successful.

X.

"PRIVATE LIFE OF A KING."

The book which brought Mr. Banvard to see me was entitled, "The Private Life of a King." It was claimed to be a contemporary account of the amours of George IV., which had been so successfully suppressed that only one copy of it remained, that in Mr. Banvard's possession. At the time of his publication he offered \$1,000 for another copy, and although he received numerous letters describing similar productions, not one that was genuine was forthcoming. Even a well-known Nassau Street bookseller, whose knowledge of scarce books is proverbial, believed he had a copy of the suppressed work, but in spite of the fact that no duplicate was found, Mr. Banvard's publication failed to produce the sensation which he expected. During the last few years Mr. Banvard has lived in a retirement from which he recently emerged to lecture on the obelisk.



ANNE SEGUIN.

ANNE SEGUIN.



I.

A QUEEN OF SONG.

Probably the most interesting drawing-room in New York to the votary of music and musical history in America is that of Mrs. Seguin in West Twenty-first Street. The most eminent vocalist of her time in English opera, and allied by marriage with a bass singer whose equal never was heard either before or since, Mrs. Seguin's home could not fail to be the depository of many precious relics of the artistic era in which she and her husband were the principal attractions; but the visitor who is permitted to pass beyond these into the penetralia of the Queen of Song and listen to her reminiscences will find the treasures of her mind even more priceless than the gems which adorn her walls. This is a favor, however, which is reluctantly conceded, and well it may be, for the *Arline* who entranced the fathers and mothers of the present generation is in feeble health, and besides, she has well earned her retirement from the busy cares of a long and arduous career. It is now just half a century since the London *debut* of her husband at the Queen's Theatre and the twenty-ninth year of her widowhood, but her house speaks eloquently of a happy past and of unsurpassed artistic excellence. It is not in one branch of art only that contact is had with a past rich in memories of a never to be forgotten epoch, for Mrs. Seguin's father, James W. Childe, was an artist of such distinction as to secure a sitting from a person as eminent as the Iron Duke, and in her apartments is a portrait of Wellington from Mr. Childe's brush, while a copy of Harlow's famous painting of the "Trial of Queen Catherine," with Mrs. Siddons as the Queen,

which compares favorably with the original, looks out of the frame where it has been long treasured. In another frame is a portrait of Mr. Seguin in his tribal dress as a Huron Chief, while in still another is a painting of Mrs. Seguin herself. Almost girlish in appearance, she is surrounded in this picture by her young family, and it was with extreme reluctance that she permitted the head and shoulders to be copied for the present work. It was urged upon her with great warmth, however, that some remembrance of her face and features in the days of her great triumphs should be multiplied for the admirers of her genius, and being persuaded, she at last assented.

II.

MR. SEGUIN AS A HURON CHIEF.

"I greatly admired the painting of Mr. Seguin in your drawing-room," the interviewer remarked after he had broken down the barrier which had prevented earlier access to the distinguished artist in whose presence he at last found himself. "What is the character—it seems to me somehow out of the range of the lyric drama?"

"He is in the dress of a Huron Chief," Mrs. Seguin answered, smiling. "Mr. Seguin was made a chief of the tribe at Lorette, near Quebec, in 1840, in recognition of the services his father had rendered the Indians when a deputation visited London in 1821, and they wanted to make me a squaw, but I declined. We accepted their hospitalities, however, and gave them a breakfast at which we sung for them, Mr. Seguin singing 'God Save the Queen.' I never saw any one so much astonished as the Hurons were when the powerful notes of Mr. Seguin's bass voice came rolling out. They stared as they had never stared before. In consequence they gave him the name of H-gen-h-gen, the Great Diver. His voice went down so low, they said, that they thought it would never come up again."

While Mrs. Seguin was speaking she took down from the wall in her apartment the certificate of her husband's adoption as a chief of the Hurons. This paper is dated August 19, 1840. It is signed by the chiefs and is in Canadian French.

III.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It is a singular commentary on the transitory nature of theatrical fame that all the biographical sketches of Mr. Seguin are exceedingly meagre. That he was born in London, April 7, 1809, and after passing with the highest honors through the British Academy of Music, made his first appearance at the Queen's Theatre, February 3, 1831, as *Polyphemus* in Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and afterward appeared with success at the Italian Opera House and Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, is the only information Mr. Ireland affords in regard to his early career. With regard to Mrs. Seguin he is even less satisfactory, and he does not so much as give the date of their marriage, an event which occurred June 14, 1832.

"My first appearance at Drury Lane," Mrs. Seguin said, consulting a bound file of London playbills, "was November 10, 1837, as *Donna Anna* in Mozart's 'Don Juan,' but my *debut* in Italian opera was made at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, in 1836. At the Haymarket I sang with both Malibran and Grisi in Chimarosi's opera, 'Matrimonio Segreto.'"

The lady dwelt with evident pleasure on her early association with these eminent artists, and she talked of Malibran especially with enthusiasm, turning over the bills one after the other to point out her great parts and grand successes.

IV.

FAVORITES OF ROYALTY.

"I must tell you," Mrs. Seguin said, as if suddenly remembering a fact which had escaped her, "that with my husband I sang at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and Mr. Seguin had previously sung at the coronation of William IV."

Numerous newspaper cuttings extracted from contemporary journals and preserved in a neat scrap-book attested the success of Mr. Seguin on these occasions and of his wife at the crowning of Victoria. Both, it is evident, were favorites with royalty, but both early in life withdrew from the smiles of princes to court public approval in a land where all are sovereigns.

V.

A PARTY AT MR. ATTREE'S.

"Soon after our arrival in America in 1838," Mrs. Seguin said laughing, "we attended a party at Mr. Attree's. It was at that party that Mr. Bennett of the *Herald* was introduced to the lady who was to become Mrs. Bennett. The company was a distinguished one. Among the guests were James Wallack, Mr. Wilson, the vocalist, Miss Shirreff, Gen. Morris, an accentric but brilliant man, and the Mayor—I forget his name."

It is scarcely surprising that Mrs. Seguin forgot the name of New York's executive at the time of her arrival in this country, for it will sound strange to most persons of the present generation—it was Aaron Clark. But while she forgot the Mayor she could not forget Mr. Attree, the host of the evening. He was the first and for a long time the only reporter on the New York *Herald*, and although very eccentric he was exceedingly gifted. In some respects he never had his match. He did not, as other reporters do, take down in short-hand what the speaker said, or even make notes of a speech, but was accustomed to sit and hear the discourse like any other auditor and afterwards to write it out entirely from memory. Sometimes he reproduced not only the substance of an address, but the address itself, word for word. "Before Mr. Attree's time," the late William Gowan, the bookseller, wrote in one of his catalogues, "reporting for the press in New York was a mere outline or sketch of what had been said or done, but he infused life and soul into this department of journalism. His reports were full, accurate, graphic, and what is more, he frequently flattered the vanity of the speaker by making a better speech for him than he possibly could himself." Although it is not surprising that Mrs. Seguin forgot the mayor and remembered the reporter, it is not likely that another of his guild will be in a position to entertain a prima donna while dependent on his avocation for social standing and monetary responsibility.

VI.

MRS. SEGUIN'S AMERICAN DEBUT.

"When and where did you make your New York *debut*?" the interviewer asked.

"At the National Theatre in Church Street," Mrs. Seguin answered. "We opened with 'Amelie,' on the 13th of October, 1838. Miss Shirreff was the soprano and I waited for a suitable contralto part."

"Mr. Ireland in his 'Record of the New York Stage,' says your *debut* was made as *Rosina* in 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia.'"

"I think he must be wrong," Mrs. Seguin replied. "My recollection is that it was in the 'Marriage of Figaro.'"

As Mr. Ireland gives dates and casts, it is probable he is right, and that Mrs. Seguin's memory in this instance is treacherous.

VII.

ARLINE.

It is a fact universally known that Mrs. Seguin was the original *Arline* in "The Bohemian Girl" in this country, and that as the Gipsy she created a sensation that has never been excelled in lyric art.

"I sang the part more than a thousand times," she said, "and it seemed as if the public never would tire of it."

While she was talking about it her face suddenly brightened and it was plain to the interviewer that a more than usually pleasing reminiscence was coming.

"In those days," she remarked, "it was the rule for everybody to go on when opera was given—that is everybody in the regular company of a theatre was required to assist in dressing the stage on opera nights. Among our enforced supernumeraries at one time was Mr. Lester Wallack, and it was a favorite trick of mine to take him down to the footlights and tell his fortune. He was so handsome and disliked the prominence I gave him so much that although he begged me piteously not to do it, I never could resist the impulse to give him the preference."

In these remarks Mrs. Seguin anticipated dates somewhat, "The Bohemian Girl" being first produced at the Park Theatre in 1844, and Mr. Wallack not making his *debut* until 1847. It was consequently at the Broadway Theatre at a still later date that the handsome Mr. Lester became the victim of the wiles of the gipsy girl.

VIII.

MRS. SEGUIN'S FIRST YEAR IN AMERICA.

During the engagement of the Seguins at the National Theatre, Mrs. Seguin appeared only as *Rosina* in the "Barber of Seville," as the *Countess* in the "Marriage of Figaro," and as *Cinderella*. Miss Shirreff also sung the part of the Glass Slipper heroine, but she could not compare with Mrs. Seguin in the role, although possessed of those nameless coquetries of manner in which the contralto was deficient. In the summer of 1839 the Seguins sung at Niblo's Garden with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Horn and other vocalists, alternating with the Ravels. The same year the Seguin troupe appeared in Philadelphia, beginning with "Amelie," which had proved such a great success in New York. In the Quaker City it failed to draw, probably because Mr. Wemyss at the Walnut Street Theatre, with an inferior company, had taken the edge off it before its production at the Chestnut. Indeed, he confesses his sin not without apparent satisfaction. "I had presented it sufficiently well at the Walnut Street," he says, "to destroy any great excitement; the airs had become familiar, and notwithstanding the full force of the chorus from the National Theatre, it failed to draw money. If I am asked for my proof, behold it in the fact that neither Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Seguin would venture to take it for a benefit. It was one of those fair (unfair) movements in management which frequently overthrow well-laid schemes."

IX.

WEMYSS' APOSTROPHE.

For Mrs. Seguin, however, Wemyss had only compliments.

"Delightful warbler!" he wrote, "thy friends rejoice in thy success. Each succeeding engagement plants thee more firmly in the hearts of thine audience, and opera without thy aid loses half its charms. All who remember the modest diffidence of thy first appeal see with pride the prima donna of the American stage rising above all competitors, cultivating a voice whose mellifluous tones reach all hearts, and by thy correct demeanor in private life gaining

the affection and esteem of a large circle of acquaintances, until Mrs. Seguin is pointed out as a model of what an actress should be. Pursue thy career; and if life be spared, thy reputation will be the envy and pride of the whole profession and the plaudits which greet thy appearance a just tribute to thy worth."

X.

BOSTON'S ENDORSEMENT OF THE SEGUINS.

"The moment Seguin opened his mouth," wrote a Boston critic in speaking of 'Amelie,' in 1838, "one universal gape of astonishment infected all, such was the wonder produced by his magnificent organ. At the first close of his recitative the most enthusiastic applause appreciated that pure, legitimate and ponderous bass; of large and even quality, his distinct enunciation, perfect intonation, and such a body of tone that Lablache alone will be placed above him. 'My Boyhood's Home' was an immense sensation."

Mrs. Seguin appeared in Boston a year or two later, creating an impression scarcely second to that produced by her husband. She not only exhibited to the Boston mind great versatility on the stage, but remarkable tact in management and intense devotion in getting up the operas, frequently rehearsing and directing all day and singing at night.

"Both were clever," Mr. Clapp says, "and taking in a wide range of characters, pleased by a union of good singing with appropriate action and excellent by-play. He was probably the best actor that ever appeared on the operatic stage, when the character suited him and he was in the vein. Her best character was undoubtedly the *Bohemian Girl* and his *Devilshoof* in that opera."

XI.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.

"We consider Mrs. Seguin decidedly handsome," wrote a contemporary scribe of the period of the accompanying engraving, "and yet if we were called upon to point out her peculiar beauties, we should be at a loss to do so, for

"Tis not the lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

If the lady was never really beautiful she was always recognized as being good, and, in spite of many sorrows, her life has been a more than usually happy one. Her husband died in 1852. Her son Edward Seguin, the younger, expired after a short illness at Rochester, October 9, 1879, while travelling with the Emma Abbott troupe. Of Mrs. Seguin's children only one survives, Miss Seguin, who resides with her mother.

"In spite of losses and afflictions" Mrs. Seguin said to the interviewer, "I have had a very happy life in this country."

XII.

CONCLUSION.

"We were concerned in the first production of many original works in this country," Mrs. Seguin said. "The 'Stabat Mater' was sung by us the first time in America at St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, October 9, 1842. On the fourth of June, 1845, we first produced Fry's opera of 'Leonora' in Philadelphia. It was a great success. On that occasion I was presented with a silver pitcher."

The pitcher was inspected, and as the interviewer was taking his leave, Mrs. Seguin related the fact that she had seen Mlle. Calvi in the "Huguenots" in 1841. "Afterwards," the lady said, "her company came to laugh at our producing 'Norma' in English." "We can laugh, too," I answered, "but I may say that while we could produce Italian opera in English, I would never dream of bringing a foreigner into English opera."



ALEXINA FISHER BAKER.

ALEXINA FISHER BAKER.

I.

THE FISHERS.

No name has occupied a prouder place on the American stage than that of Fisher. As long ago as 1826 Clara Fisher, now Mrs. Maeder, made her American *debut* as *Albina Mandeville*, and she was followed by her sisters, Amelia, who also survives, and Jane, afterwards Mrs. Vernon, and her brother John. At an earlier date even, in 1812, Palmer Fisher and his wife, afterwards Mrs. Thayer, appeared in New York and gained great favor, not in the metropolis only, but in Philadelphia and the West. Palmer Fisher was one of the pioneers of the drama in the Southwest. He was a most useful and versatile actor, but Mr. Ireland says he did nothing so well as in giving to the dramatic world a daughter who reflected the highest credit on herself and her profession. The lady alluded to was Miss Alexina Fisher, now Mrs. Baker, who is the subject of the present paper. Although her *debut* was effected more than half a century ago, Mrs. Baker is still a well-preserved and active matron. She has appeared on the metropolitan stage within a year or two, and may appear again, and, indeed, it is within the recollection of most playgoers that her mother, Mrs. Thayer, disappeared from the boards. In view of all this, no more interesting subject could be found by the interviewer, and the meeting, which was arranged through her son, Mr. Lewis Baker, of Mr. John T. Raymond's company, proved one of the most fruitful of the series. Mrs. Baker is at present residing in West Thirty-fourth Street, and it was there the chat took place between the scribe and the actress.

II.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

"My first appearance," Mrs. Baker said, "was as a child, in the West. At that time my father, Alexander Palmer Fisher, was at the theatres at Lexington, Frankfort and Louisville, with Alexander Drake."

"Where were you born, Mrs. Baker?" the interviewer asked.

"At Frankfort, Kentucky," she answered, "and my sister Oceana Fisher at Louisville. Whenever children were wanted in the pieces, we played them. My first appearance as a child in New York, as near as I can recollect, was at the Mount Pitt Circus, under Gen. Sandford. The season was a disastrous one, as I remember, for he did not pay salaries."

"Mr. Ireland says your New York *debut* was made at the Chatham Garden, with your sister Oceana, as *Julio* and *Florio*," the interviewer interposed.

"It was at the Chatham that we appeared in the 'Children in the Wood,'" Mrs. Baker continued, "but my recollection is that it was after the appearance at Mount Pitt. After my mother married Mr. Thayer, he brought me to New York again, and took me to Mr. Hamblin, who was then the manager of the Bowery Theatre. At that time I was only nine years old. I think I spoke two or three speeches for him, and he was so favorably impressed that he gave me an appearance as *Young Norval*, my engagement depending on my success. He played *Old Norval*, Mrs. Hamblin (Miss Blanchard) *Lady Randolph*, and, I think, John R. Scott *Glenalvon*. So great was my success that Mr. Hamblin engaged me as a sort of stock star for the rest of the season, during which I played *Juliet*, *Little Pickle*, and many other parts."

It is worthy of remark that the *Romco* to her *Juliet* at that time was George Jones, afterwards the Count Joannes.

"Did you appear at the Park about that time?"

"I do not remember playing at the Park at all as an infant prodigy."

III.

OCEANA FISHER.

"Mr. Ireland says that after playing as a child your sister disappeared from the boards, and he confesses he has no further knowledge of her," the interviewer suggested.

"She is still living," Mrs. Baker said, "but it is true that she quit the stage altogether, although she played with Mr. Baker in California, in 1852, for a few months."

IV.

TRANSITION.

"My first regular engagement," Mrs. Baker resumed, "was with Mr. Dinneford, at the Franklin Theatre, and though I say it, I became exceedingly popular."

In noticing Alexina Fisher's appearance at that house in 1835, Mr. Ireland says she was just leaving off her juvenile personations of *Richard* and *Shylock* for the more pleasing assumptions appropriate to the early springtime of womanhood. Mrs. Baker's own account of the transition was told with a nervousness of language that was delightful.

"I soon found," she said, "that I was getting too big for children's parts, and was not big enough for young women. In consequence, I was off the stage for a year or two, but even during that period I played occasionally in such parts as *Arthur* in 'William Tell.'"

Miss Fisher's first appearance at the Franklin Theatre was as *Imma* in "Adelgitha," with Mrs. Duff as the heroine. She played *Charlotte* in the protean farce called the "Turned Head," when William Rufus Blake first presented it in New York for his benefit; *Matilda* in Buckstone's amusing comedy the "Breach of Promise," when first produced for the benefit of Aaron Phillips; *Virginia* in "Who'll Lend me a Wife?" when it was first produced; *Juliet Snooks* in "My Fellow Clerk;" *Ellen* in Barnet's farce, the "Yellow Kids;" *Theodosia Tittup* in the burletta "Cupid in London;" and *Irene* in Jonas B. Phillips' version of "Rienzi." Mr. Dinneford's company was a very strong one, and included, besides Mrs. Duff and Miss Fisher, Mr. Thayer, then recognized as the best of light comedians; Charles Webb, a good serious actor; William and John Sefton; Mr and Mrs. W. R. Blake; Mrs. Kent, formerly Miss E. Eberle, a charming soubrette and vocalist; Miss Amelia Verity, pretty and interesting; and Miss Gannon, then little Mary Gannon.

V.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Mr. Dinneford was anxious to have us remain at the Franklin Theatre," Mrs. Baker said, "but Mr. Maywood, of Maywood, Rowbotham & Pratt, offered us a three years' engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which we concluded to accept. The Chestnut was then second only to the Park. I remained with the company nine years, until the dissolution of the firm, and then, after drifting about for a year or two, I went to the Walnut Street Theatre, under the management of E. A. Marshall. Mr. Marshall had a magnificent company. I look back to the manner in which the comedies were produced under his direction as something that has never been excelled in theatrical history. The *mise en scene* was not equal to the present day, but the acting was superb. Among the actors were Mr. Burton, Mr. Blake, E. L. Davenport, then a young man of great promise, William Wheatley, Charlotte and Susan Cushman, Mrs. Blake, my mother and myself. The plays were cast with all of us in the piece, and I know of no theatre in the country to-day which can present such casts. I remained at the Walnut eight years, and thus ended my long continued service in Philadelphia."

VI.

AGAIN IN NEW YORK.

While Mr. Marshall was managing the Broadway Theatre in 1850, Mrs. Baker made her last appearance in the metropolis as Miss Alexina Fisher. Her re-entrée was effected as *Beatrice* in "Much Ado About Nothing," with Mr. Wheatley as *Benedick* and Mr. Blake as *Dogberry*. She also appeared as *Mrs. Haller* in the "Stranger," *Mrs. Delmain* in the "Serious Family," *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," *Madeleine* in the "Orphans of Paris," and *Mrs. Crosby* in a local, satirical comedy, entitled "Extremes," written by Mr. Sperry, of Baltimore. The comedy had a run of twenty-one nights, and was revived after Miss Fisher's departure with Mrs. Abbott as *Mrs. Crosby*. This engagement was a repetition of Miss Fisher's triumphs of fifteen years before.

VII.

MARRIED, BUT NOT SETTLED.

Alexina Fisher was married to John Lewis Baker on the third of May, 1851. Mr. Baker was born in Philadelphia and made his *debut* in his native city at the Arch Street Theatre in 1849.

"Almost immediately after my marriage," Mrs. Baker said, "I went to California with Mr. Baker. We started for the Golden Gate in January, 1852, and remained two years and a half. During that entire period I appeared almost every acting night. We reached San Francisco the first week in February and opened at the Jenny Lind Theatre on the 14th, Mr. Baker appearing as *Master Walter* and I as *Julia* in the 'Hunchback.' Our first engagement was for twenty-one nights and proved very successful. We next appeared at Sacramento, after which we returned to San Francisco for thirty nights more. A second engagement at Sacramento followed, after which we went to Nevada, Grass Valley and Placerville, returning to San Francisco in August. Immediately upon our return Mr. Baker assumed the management of the Adelphi Theatre, where he was exceedingly prosperous during the whole season, which closed May 9, 1853. The profits, if I remember rightly, were about \$30,000. For nine months I appeared nightly without interruption, and three days after relinquishing the Adelphi Mr. Baker took charge of the American, where I was his chief attraction for five months, in the Summer and Autumn of 1853. Our prosperity continued, and my own popularity was increased rather than diminished, and this, too, in spite of the fact that nearly all the time we had powerful rivals. The names of the two *prime donne* who were in California at that time—Signora Biscaccianti, a Boston girl, the daughter of Ostinelli, a musician, and Miss Catherine Hayes—are sufficient to show the strength of the counter attractions."

VIII.

A MUSICAL MOMENT.

The epoch of the Bakers' sojourn on the Pacific Slope was the most marked of all the "musical moments" America has ever en-

joyed. In New York and the other Eastern cities Alboni, Sontag and Thillon were the delight of the lovers of music. While the journals of the day were saying of Alboni that her *debut* in opera in New York was the musical event of the season, and declaring that no "musical moment" since the appearance of Jenny Lind was so anxiously awaited as the operatic *debut* of Sontag, they were also recording the fact that in California Catherine Hayes's silver accents were ringing appropriately to golden accompaniments. So great was the Irish prima donna's success, that in 1856 she lost \$27,000 at one time by the failure of Saunders & Brannon of San Francisco. Not less fortunate, both in a pecuniary and an artistic sense, were the Bakers, and when they took their farewell of the San Francisco public in January, 1854, Mr. Baker was able to return to the East with a well-filled treasury, and his wife with a heightened reputation.

IX.

MR. BAKER'S CAREER AS A MANAGER.

"We paid a second visit to California in 1858," Mrs. Baker said, resuming her narrative, "but that was for a short time only. While Mr. Baker lived he was most of the time engaged in management in the Northern and Southern cities. After our return from the Pacific Coast the first time, he had for awhile the National Theatre at Cincinnati and the theatre at Louisville; and upon our second return he went to New Orleans for a brief period and then became manager of the New York Theatre in conjunction with Mark Smith. That was in 1866. Mr. Baker's last management was at the Grand Opera House, New York, in conjunction with Mr. Cole. His death occurred soon after he relinquished the control of that theatre, and since I have occasionally appeared in this and other cities."

X.

PORTRAITS.

The portrait of Mrs. Baker, herewith offered, is from a photograph in her possession, and presents her as she appeared at the

time of her California successes. Many years ago there was a woodcut of her, which was engraved to accompany one of the plays published by Turner & Fisher. There is besides a very good steel engraving in a work published in California—the “Annals of San Francisco.” These are the only pictures we have of a lady who has filled a place in our dramatic history scarcely less distinguished than that occupied by Charlotte Cushman or Clara Fisher Maeder. Strangely enough, a portrait of her daughter, Mrs. John Drew, formerly Miss Josephine Baker, such as it is, may occasionally be found in a package of cigarettes. In after years this trumpery thing, now generally tossed aside, may become as scarce and consequently as valuable and interesting as the prized but ugly woodcut of Mrs. Drew’s mother, which is only to be found in the cabinets of collectors.

XI.

A REMINISCENCE.

I have in my mind, as part of the half-forgotten memorabilia of a critic and playgoer, a picture of Mrs. Baker as an actress that to me is more precious than either photograph or engraving, and I trust it will prove equally interesting to my readers. I never saw her on the stage but once, and that was at what is now the Park Theatre, at Twenty-second Street and Broadway. At the time I had not made dramatic history a study, and neither the fame nor the excellence of the artist before me was known to me. As a consequence, her art was a complete surprise to me, and though I have forgotten the name of the play in which she appeared, and the names of the performers who appeared with her, I remember her as distinctly as if it was only yesterday. If I chose, I could readily ascertain the play and the part, for the occasion was within the last five years, but the memory of the only artist in the piece who impressed me is still so vivid, and my recollection of her seems carried so far back into the past, that I prefer to retain nothing except the mental picture, which will not fade. To reproduce that picture in words would be impossible, but every reader who has gone into a theatre without any expectation of a revelation of art, to find an actress belonging to the class which is called great, may make an etching of it in his own mind. In her later days I refused

to see Charlotte Cushman in her decline, because I had not had the good fortune to see her in her prime, but in seeing Mrs. Baker, whom I might have objected to on similar grounds, I was satisfied in a measure at least for what I had lost in the days when she was Alexina Fisher.

XII.

THE THAYERS.

Palmer Fisher, Mrs. Baker's father, died as long ago as 1827, but her mother and her foster-father, Edward N. Thayer, quitted the scene only within the last decade. Mr. Thayer was an American by birth, and Mrs. Thayer, although born in England, was an American actress, her *debut* being made at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1820, as *Jessie Oatland* in "A Cure for the Heartache." Col. Brown calls her the Clive of the American stage, and says she wore Thalia's mask with infinite grace and glee. Thayer begun life as a midshipman on board the United States ship *Chesapeake* in 1812. He rowed Captain Lawrence from the wharf to the vessel just before the action with the *Shannon*, and was taken prisoner by the English man-of-war and detained for several months. It is to him that Mrs. Baker owes much of her excellence as an actress. As we have seen, he first brought her forward as an infant prodigy, though it might have been said of her, as it was said of Mrs. Maeder about the same time :

As Fisher astonished, the people all gazed,
 " 'Twas wonderful ! " still they kept saying ;
 For my own part, I own, I was not much amazed
 At seeing a little girl playing.



F. W. ROSIER

FITZ WILLIAM ROSIER.

I.

A MODEST MUSICIAN.

In the near future everything pertaining to the history of music in America will assume the utmost importance. Already the founding of the New York Philharmonic Society partakes of the legendary character inseparable from a story preserved mostly by tradition, and the first New York Vocal Society is not only dissolved but forgotten. Long as it is since these organizations began to foster musical taste in the metropolis, a number of the original and originating members of both still survive, and of these none is more worthy of distinguished consideration than the hard-working but modest musician who is the subject of the present paper. To the present generation the name of Mr. Rosier is entirely unknown; our fathers and grandfathers knew him only as a double-bass player at the earlier Philharmonic concerts and in the theatre orchestras in the last decade of the last half century, but for all this he is especially worthy of the place that is accorded him in this gallery. He was the early friend of Carl Maria von Weber; he was one of the original members of the New York Philharmonic Society, and the real founder and first director of the New York Vocal Society. Few men have worked so earnestly or so efficiently for the promotion of musical culture in this country, and yet none has reaped so poor a reward for his labors, either in money or fame. But this old man, worthy as he is of the title of a modest musician, is proud withal, and it was with something of a poet's pride that he turned over a large volume of old music—German songs, to the words of which he has adapted the music, and the music to the words, in their English garb. Mr. Rosier is

something of a poet as well as a musician, and many of his translations are exquisite specimens of the English lyric, but that he should be poor in his old age is not surprising in view of the pay accorded for even his best work. "What do you think I received for each of these songs?" he asked, as he turned them over one after the other, and then, without waiting for a response, he sadly answered his own query: "Five shillings was all I got for them, and many of them it took days to mould and fashion." These songs bore dates which run back to the early years of the century, and as the interviewer looked up at the face of the musician, now furrowed by age, he made a remark to the effect that they were the product of the long ago.

II.

"OLD BONEY."

"Yes, you are right," Mr. Rosier answered. "I am not so young as I once was, but I am glad to say I do not exactly feel old yet. I have an indistinct recollection of being threatened with an abduction by 'Old Boney' if I made any noise after I went to bed, and I clearly remember reading to my father the account in the *Times* of the battle of Waterloo and the flight of the before-mentioned dreaded though somewhat mysterious personage."

III.

SELF TAUGHT.

When "Old Boney" had been disposed of, Mr. Rosier proceeded to give an account of himself.

"Where did I get my musical education?" he said, taking up the interviewer's interrogatory. "I never had any. My father, who played the flute tolerably well for an amateur, gave me one of those excruciating instruments when I went to school and a preceptor—not a person, but a book—so called, by a man named Wragg. From this beginning I grubbed out, so to speak, all I know of the divine art. The fact is, I think my father saw plainly

enough that he might safely leave music to come of itself, for he gave me every opportunity in other arts, more particularly drawing, for which I certainly had no particular genius. Possibly, had he fostered my bent, I might have made something, but as it was I never ‘worked’ at an instrument until I came to this country, about 1840, and without labor nothing can be done in music, or anything else.”

IV.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

“As you spoke of Bonaparte in a sense so peculiarly English,” the interviewer said, “I presume you were born in England?”

“Yes,” Mr. Rosier answered, laconically.

“And as you were so idle as a musician before coming to America,” the interviewer added, laughing, “it is possible you had time to cultivate all the great artists of that day.”

“Why, as to that,” the musician replied, “I did know many of them before coming to the United States, but among them all my most pleasurable reminiscences are those connected with the immortal Carl Maria von Weber. Our meeting was somewhat romantic. With three other lads, I used to meet once a week at the rooms of my eldest brother, on the top floor of a house in Adelphi Terrace, to ‘do’ music. It was next door to the residence of Mr. Hawes, at that time Master of the Choir Boys of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul’s and the Chapel Royal in Buckingham Palace. ‘Der Freischutz’ had just been produced and a new era was dawning on the musical taste of London. One evening we had been ‘making night hideous’ by playing at Weber’s piano-forte quartet. A lull in the ‘execution,’ which was doubtless so in more senses of the word than one, was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, and in came the maestro, who said he had been listening from his window at the Hawes’s, and had come to pay us his compliments. As may be supposed, we put off the completion of the ‘murder’ to a more convenient season; but we listened to his playing, which was to us a revelation. I had heard the great pianists of that day—Moscheles, Field, Hertz, Hummel, &c.; Thalberg and Listz had not arrived; but there was a wild pathos

in the style of Weber that seemed to speak at once from his soul to mine. In after years the same thing was produced by Chopin. These two were the only really great pianists I ever heard, except in a concert room."

"Did I see much of Weber?" Mr. Rosier asked, repeating, as was his wont, the interviewer's question. "Yes, indeed. He saw my enthusiasm, and I used to go often with him to Covent Garden Theatre during the rehearsals of that king of operas, 'Oberon,' the only one the libretto of which is poetry, not merely words. The reminiscence of my acquaintance with this truly great man is the most interesting of my musical life; and certainly the proudest is the finding words and rhymes to a work of his, under his direction, called in English 'The Praise of Jehovah!' This was performed with success at the Musical Festival of Manchester, two or three years ago, and first published at that time. Though only an amateur, I was allowed to play in the Requiem Mass at Weber's funeral in the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, London. Seldom has Mozart's immortal composition been done with more effect. The best players and singers in London assisted, all of whom were his admirers and many his friends."

V.

DOUBLE BASS.

"On what instrument did you work after your arrival in this country?" the interviewer asked

"The contra-bass," was the response. "The principal player at New York at that time was Cassolani, a really great artist, and as he was preparing to leave for Europe, I was ambitious of taking his place. I remained in New York until 1845, when a fearful attack of rheumatism drove me South, where I lived over thirty years."

"Was there much to do as a double bass player at that time?"

"No, indeed. There was no orchestra worthy the name, except at the theatres. The few grand concerts—they were all grand in those days—were accompanied by a piano-forte, and generally a square one at that. I played at the Park Theatre, under the management of Simpson; at the Bowery, under Hamblin; at the

Chatham; at the Opera House, at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, under the management of Wilson; and for a short time under Mitchell, at the little Olympic. In the Summer I was at Niblo's Garden, when that excellent actor Chippendale was director, and the very clever family of the Ravels was the chief attraction."

VI.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

"You played at the Philharmonic Concerts?" the interviewer interposed, inquiringly.

"Certainly," Mr. Rosier answered. "I was in that famous orchestra at the first concert of the Society, and for a number of years I was its secretary. Classical music was not understood or appreciated in New York at that time, and when a new work was produced it was necessary to explain it on the bills. I generally wrote the descriptions. Many of the members of the Society were of the opinion that even an explanation of the music would not make it endurable, and some were in favor of popularizing it by shortening the movements. A grand battle was fought over this point, and those of us who believed in playing a classical work in a classical manner finally triumphed. It was urged against this that the audience would leave the concert room, and at some of the early concerts there was a good deal of yawning, but in a little while symphonies and concertos became the fashion, and, as everybody knows, the Philharmonic concerts are as attractive now as the opera. This gratifying fact is owing to the battle we fought when the Society was in its infancy, and, indeed, I may add that the Society owes its existence to-day to the victory we gained over those who would have debased classical music to a level with the vulgar taste."

As Mr. Rosier was speaking, he took from a venerable-looking box a number of bills giving the programmes at the concerts of the first and second seasons of the Philharmonic Society.

"I have no longer a bill of the first concert," he said. "The Society did not have one, and I gave them mine."

"Where were the first concerts of the Society held?" the interviewer inquired.

"Generally, I believe, at the Apollo Rooms."

VII.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.

"You were the founder of the New York Vocal Society, were you not?" the interviewer asked.

"That is an honor that I do not claim," Mr. Rosier answered, modestly, "but, in recognition of my labors in securing its organization, I was made director of the first concert. That was in 1844, the first concert being given at the Washington Hotel, in Broadway, on the nineteenth of January. There may have been singing societies in New York before this one was organized, but this is the first one really deserving of the name of a vocal society."

A rumbling among the bills in the venerable box before mentioned brought to light a programme of the first concert of the society. It was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

MADRIGAL—"Down in a Flow'ry Vale".....	FESTA, 1541
GERMAN CHORUS—"True Sword".....	WEBER
MADRIGAL—"Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees".....	WYLBYE, 1609
SEPTUOR—Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Violoncello and Basso.....	HUMMEL
Messrs. SCHARFENBERG, KYLE, WOHNING, U. C. HILL, LODER, &c.	
MADRIGAL—"Out Upon It".....	..
GLEE AND CHORUS—"Shades of the Heroes".....	T. COOKE
<i>Solo Parts</i> —Messrs. STRONG, MILON, MUNSON, LEACH and KYLE.	
MADRIGAL—"Flora gave me Fairest Flowers"....	WYLBYE

PART II.

MADRIGAL—"Stay Limpid Stream".....	MARCUZIO, 1580
GLEE AND CHORUS—"When Winds Breathe Soft".....	WEBER
<i>Solo Parts</i> —Mrs. HARDWICK, Messrs. PETERSCHEN, WATSON, COMER and ROGERS.	
MADRIGAL—"The Silver Swan".....	O. GIBBONS, 1520
QUINTETTE—Flute, Oboe, Horn, Clarionet and Bassoon.....	REICHA
MADRIGAL—"Now is the Month of Maying".....	..

VIII.

DOWN IN A FLOWERY VALE.

"I find I am best known," Mr. Rosier said, turning over the leaf, "by a verse I wrote at that time as a sequel to the madrigal."

As the old man gazed fondly at the offspring of his muse, the interviewer jotted down the verse and the sequel, and they are here given as they were printed in the original programme :

DOWN IN A FLOWERY VALE.

Down in a flowery vale all on a summer morning,
 Phillis I met, fair Nature's self adorning ;
 Swiftly on wings of love I flew to meet her,
 Coldly she welcomed me when I did greet her.
 I warbled thus my ditty :
 " Oh ! Shepherdess, have pity,
 " And hear a faithful lover,
 " His passion true discover,
 " Ah ! why art thou to me so cruel ?"
 Then straight replied my jewel :
 " If gold thou hast, fond youth, 'twill speed thy suing,
 " But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a-wooing."

SEQUEL.—BY F. W. R.

Soon, as I careless strayed, fond youth with eyes averted,
 Phillis I met, by all the swains deserted.
 Swift she ('tho late so coy) then flew to meet me ;
 My back I turned, all deaf to her entreaty ;
 She warbled thus her ditty :
 " Oh ! Shepherd, now have pity,
 " And to your faithful lover,
 " Oh ! your passion true discover."
 Then did I cold and haughty view her,
 And thus replied unto her :
 " The love that's won by gold will prove undoing,
 " So, since my purse is empty, I'll go no more a-wooing."

" I saw it in print not long ago," he added, " and some one asked me ' Did you write that ? ' "

IX.

A MUSICIAN AT HOME.

Although Mr. Rosier was old enough to be frightened by the bugbear of Bonaparte, he is young enough to have only recently married for the first time. His modest home is in West Tenth Street. Here he lives among his musical instruments and his music books. His walls are covered with portraits of celebrated

artists, the gifts of the artists themselves, and he has some daguerreotypes which are valuable because they are unique. He is, as he always has been, a poor man, but one to whom enough is content ; but it is to such as he, and to him most of all, that there is to-day a cultured, music-loving public in America—a class which did not exist forty years ago. The old musician still works at his youthful occupation of turning German songs into English verse, and of him it may perhaps be said, as was sung of the silver swan at the first concert of the New York Vocal Society, in 1844 :

The silver swan, who living had no note,
 When death approached unlocked her silent throat ;
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sang her first and last and sang no more :
 “ Farewell all joys, oh ! Death, come close my eyes ;
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.”



EDMON S. CONNER.

EDMON S. CONNER.

I.

"OUR NED."

For many years a familiar figure on the American stage was Edmon S. Conner, but in his native city, Philadelphia, he was especially honored, and there he was generally known to theatre-goers as "Our Ned." He was born September 9, 1809, and it was intended he should pursue the occupation of a tailor, to which trade he was actually apprenticed, but becoming stage-struck in his twentieth year, he managed to secure a first appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre in the Spring of 1829. From that time until within a few years Mr. Conner followed his chosen calling assiduously and earnestly, and he succeeded in earning a widespread fame as an actor and amassing a modest competence on which he now lives at ease and in retirement at Paterson, New Jersey. But even now he occasionally appears at the Paterson Opera House, and he is preparing to repeat his performance of *Richelieu* for the one thousand and eleventh time as these pages are passing through the press. The Paterson Opera House is under the management of H. C. Stone, a nephew of John Augustus Stone, the author of "Metamora" and the son of George Stone, who was a life-long friend and professional associate of Mr. Conner in the Philadelphia theatres. In the house controlled by the son of his old associate the veteran tragedian finds a congenial retreat, and it was there the interviewer found him and elicited the facts which make up the present paper.

II.

MR. CONNER'S DEBUT.

"I came on the stage," Mr. Conner said, "at the Walnut Street Theatre—the same old theatre which stands there now—as *Young Norval*, for the benefit of Miss Emery. Although a very young

man at the time I had a large circle of acquaintances and I secured an appearance by agreeing to sell \$200 worth of tickets for the beneficiary, which I succeeded in doing."

In scenes of intense passion Miss Emery was an actress of great power, but her abilities were never fully recognized in this country, and her career was a short and disastrous one. She was brought from the Surrey by Mr. Wemyss for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1827, and made her American *debut* as *Belvidera*. Her first appearance in New York was at the Bowery Theatre, in 1828, as *Bianca* in "Fazio." Although pronounced by the English press "the actress of the day," she was singularly unfortunate here and in a very few years was unable to secure an engagement anywhere—not even in the minor theatres. She declined so rapidly that in 1832 she was living in a garret in Anthony Street and was sometimes seen in Theatre Alley, back of the Park Theatre, begging from the actors. This wretched existence could not last, but it still had a lower depth, and she finally took up her abode in the Five Points, where she was so cruelly beaten by some of the vicious and drunken denizens of the locality that she staggered into the street and died before she could be carried to the hospital. Her last appearance on the stage was in 1831, under the name of Mrs. Burroughs; but apart from her powers as an actress and her misfortunes as a woman, she is entitled to be remembered for giving to the American stage an American tragedian.

III.

PLAYING AROUND.

"Soon after my *debut*," Mr. Conner continued, "I played *Montmorenci* in the '£100 Pound Note,' at the Arch Street Theatre, and then went West to Cincinnati, where I was engaged under the direction of Alexander Drake. Mr. Drake died a short time after I joined his company. The celebrated Mrs. Trollope was living in Cincinnati at that time, and in 1830 brought out as her protégé John H. Oxley, who subsequently acquired a prominent position on the stage. From Cincinnati I went to New Orleans and joined the company of James H. Caldwell. There I first met John Gilbert, who had just arrived from Boston, and who was then like myself beginning his career. In the winter of 1830 Mr. Caldwell divided

his company and sent the section to which I belonged to Natchez, which was then a place of considerable consequence and importance. Sol. Smith, N. M. Ludlow, R. Marks, Lem. Smith, Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. McClure and one or two others comprised the company. From Natchez we went to St. Louis in the spring of 1831, and subsequently we played at Cincinnati and Louisville, returning by way of Nashville. After wintering at Natchez a second time, we endeavored to repeat the journey of the previous year in the summer of 1832, but the dreadful cholera epidemic that summer broke us up at Louisville. As a consequence I came over the mountains to Baltimore, where I joined Tom Walter's company at the Front Street Theatre. There I first met Charley Thorne and wife. From Baltimore I went to Richmond with M. S. (Nosey) Phillips. The Elder Booth, Thomas S. Hamblin and Miss Vincent were the stars, and T. H. Hadaway and Louisa Lane, now Mrs. John Drew, were in the company. On the voyage from Richmond to New York we were shipwrecked, April 7, 1833, off Tucker's Beach, Little Egg Harbor. The vessel was a total loss and we barely escaped with our lives. Upon my arrival in New York I joined the Bowery Theatre, where I remained for a season under Hamblin's management. William Wheatley, J. B. Booth, Jr., J. W. Wallack, Jr., and George Jones were in the company.

IV.

COUNT JOANNES.

"George Jones," the interviewer interposed. "Do you mean the Count Joannes?"

"Yes," was Mr. Conner's answer.

"Tell me something about him as an actor in those early days. Was he always the buffoon of his later years?"

"By no means," Mr. Conner replied. "He was a very good actor, indeed—an excellent juvenile tragedian and a good light comedian. The Count gave us all lessons in fencing, and I must tell you that he was the best swordsman I ever saw on the stage, except Charles Kean. He was a glorious fencer."

The last adjective was uttered with a prolonged emphasis which was in itself a tribute to the Count's accomplishments when Mr. Conner first knew him in 1834.

V.

CONNER AND WEMYSS.

"After leaving the Bowery," Mr. Conner resumed, "I went to Newbern, N. C., for a short season and then to the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where I joined F. C. Wemyss. I remained with him four years, I believe, and finally retired only because of a misunderstanding with the manager."

In his "Life of an Actor and Manager" Wemyss gives an account of the separation, which is interesting at this point.

"On the 16th of September," he says, "Mr. Conner resigned his situation because I would not take Mr. Proctor out of the part of *Gaulantus*, which he had played in Philadelphia; quoted precedents never heard of, and, if allowed, only proving him to be wrong in the construction placed upon them by the usages of all well regulated theatres. I endeavored to combat this folly in vain; he was obstinately bent upon carrying a point which in the relative position of the two actors would have been unjust to Mr. Proctor in every sense. I had taken no part in the foolish quarrel which had driven people from the theatre in disgust—hissing and applauding both of them every night—and I resolved I would not now interfere. To Mr. Conner I had resigned my position in the theatre as an actor, permitting him to play all the light comedy as well as the leading melodrama. He had become a great favorite, and at the very time his services were most needed he thought proper to withdraw, which he did at the close of the season."

This misunderstanding occurred at Wemyss' Pittsburg theatre, in 1837, and consequently Conner's retirement from the Walnut Street company took place in the spring of 1838.

VI.

A PHILADELPHIA FAVORITE.

"In those days," Mr. Conner said, "I was certainly a great favorite in Philadelphia; it was then that I began to be known as 'Our Ned.' I was naturally cursed with versatility and played everything—tragedy, genteel comedy and melodrama—Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Yankees and Niggers. I pity any poor actor who is versatile—he is always in for it. It was my fate

in those days to be never out of the bill and in parts that were as wide apart physically as they were mentally. *Long Tom Coffin* was one of my *roles*, and when the 'Pickwick Club' was brought out, I was the *Fat Boy* and *Jingle*. *William* in 'Black Eyed Susan' was one of my parts, and I was the original *Mantalini* in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which earned me for awhile the nickname of Mantalini Conner. In the South and West, a few years later, I was everywhere known as Richelieu Conner."

Wemyss, however, does not endorse Mr. Conner's opinion of his own versatility. "Conner played the *Fat Boy* to admiration," says the manager-author, but after confessing that he persuaded Conner to play *Richard III.*, he adds: "Shade of Shakespeare, forgive me! He did it—and did it brown. The pit boys were vociferous in their applause; and he played it on one or two occasions since, when, I thank my lucky stars, I was not present. For *Thalaba* or *Laffitte* I want no better or more efficient man; but the idea of Conner as a tragedian—don't let me pursue it."

VII.

CONNER AS A STAR.

In those days no actor could be a star unless he was a tragedian, and Conner had resolved to become a star, which explains Wemyss' spleen.

"Until I bought Burton out at the Arch Street Theatre, in 1850," he remarked, "I travelled through the West and South, playing *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Richelieu* and *Claude Melnotte*. I produced 'Richelieu' originally in most of the Western and Southern theatres the same year that Forrest did it in the East. When he came where I had performed it before him, people said I played it better than he; this made him very angry, and we did not speak for more than twenty years. The 'Lady of Lyons' was first produced in this country for William B. Wood's benefit, in Philadelphia, but excepting Wood, who played the part only once previous to my undertaking it, I was the original *Claude Melnotte* in this country."

"The Count Joannes used to claim that distinction," the interviewer suggested.

Mr. Conner laughed heartily.

"It was said," he then remarked, "that it was first played in New Orleans by Fredricks, but this was not so. The Count's claim is scarcely worth considering."

VIII.

TWO REMARKABLE CASTS.

While Mr. Conner was talking, he turned over the leaves of an old scrap-book and pointed out a cast of "The Stranger," as the piece was played at Lancaster, Pa., in 1839. The cast was as follows :

The Stranger	E. S. CONNER	Solomon.....	PETER LOGAN
Mrs. Haller.....	CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN	Peter.....	GEORGE STONE
Countess.....	SUSAN CUSHMAN	Count....	H. HENKINS.

Mr. Stone, who preserved this cast and in whose handwriting it is, adds in a note, that in that company at that time Mrs. Logan played the old women and T. B. Johnson utility.

"Who was Peter Logan?" the interviewer asked.

"Cornelius A. Logan, the father of Eliza, Celia and Olive," Mr. Conner replied. "He once played in a farce called 'Two Peters,' and ever afterwards he was known as Peter, When we played 'The Lady of Lyons,' at Lancaster, at that time, the cast was equally remarkable. I will give it to you, the ladies first"

Mr. Conner then dictated it as follows :

Pauline.....	SUSAN CUSHMAN	Col. Damas.....	C. A. LOGAN
Mad. Deschappelle...	Mrs. LOGAN	Beauscant.....	H. HENKINS
Widow Melnotte....	CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN	Glavis.	J. HOMAN
Marion.....	ELIZA LOGAN	Deschappelle.....	CHARLES PORTER
Claude Melnotte....	E. S. CONNER	Landlord.....	GEORGE STONE.

IX.

MR. CONNER AS A MANAGER.

"I began the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 4, 1850," Mr. Conner said, "and retained control of the house three years and a half. The opening play was the 'School for Scandal,' in which I played *Charles Surface*, Mrs. Conner *Lady Teazle* and Thayer *Sir Peter*. Our first farce was 'The New Footman.' Mad. Clarence de Merlin sang ballads between the plays and farces. On the 7th of March, three days

after opening the theatre, I played *Richelieu* for the two hundred and sixtieth time. Mrs. Conner played *Francois*, the Page. After leaving the Arch Street Theatre I travelled with Mrs. Conner for awhile, and we then went to California, where we remained over four years. I also managed the Green Street Theatre, at Albany, for two years."

It was in 1853 and 1854 that Mr. Conner had the Albany Theatre. In a recent letter to Mr H. P. Phelps, published in the "Players of a Century," Mr. Conner says: "I have no record of the Green Street Theatre, and only painful recollections of how my poor wife and myself labored against loss night after night; but let the past be passed over, for I have many friends in Albany whom I love."

X.

MR. CONNER IN ENGLAND.

In 1875 Mr. Conner went to England, and during his stay he played an engagement of thirteen nights in London, appearing as *Falstaff* in the First Part of "Henry IV." The English press spoke highly of this performance.

"I play all my old parts here in Paterson as well as ever I did," Mr. Conner said, turning over these comparatively recent English endorsements, "and I feel no more fatigue now than I ever felt."

It was reported some time ago that Mr. Conner was anxious to undertake another starring tour, but if he had any such design he seems to have abandoned it.

XI.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Conner may be right as regards his powers. In his youthful days he was noted for his fine head and graceful person, and to these were allied unfailing good taste and excellent elocutionary powers. Although an old man now, his figure is still lithe and active, his bearing erect and his movements graceful. His eye is clear and bright and his spirits as buoyant as they were twenty years ago. His voice is strong and unbroken, and as the accompanying portrait shows, his face is free from wrinkles and reveals only the lines which denote an active brain and the possession of strong and manly qualities.

XII.

MRS. CONNER.

"Say something of Mrs Conner," the veteran remarked, as he walked from the theatre to the railway station. "She was a good woman and an excellent actress—kind, accomplished, gifted."

Mrs. Conner's maiden name was Charlotte Mary Sandford Barnes. She was the daughter of John Barnes, the celebrated comedian, and her mother, Mary Barnes, was even more distinguished than her father. Miss Barnes made her first appearance on the stage at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in 1835, as *Angele* in the "Castle Spectre." In 1843 she appeared at the Surrey Theatre, London, in her own play "Octavia Brigaldi." This piece was first produced in New York in 1837, and although the scene is laid in Italy, the incidents on which the plot is based occurred at Lexington, Ky., in 1825. Miss Barnes also wrote "The Forest Princess," a historical play based on the story of Pocahontas, besides many prose sketches and numerous poems. Mr. Conner married her in 1847 and she died in 1863. In one of her fugitive poems, "The Dead Geranium," written while she was in England, she sang of

That cottage which a father's taste
Had reared, and with each comfort graced,—

but only to add, sadly and sorrowfully :

The flowers bloomed as though elate
To see us enter at the gate.
Us ? Yes. My mother near me stood ;—
And friends were with us, kind and good :
But to my father's home once more
His lifeless form alone we bore !

Her love for her father was a strong feature in Mrs. Conner's character, and this fact suggests that the concluding lines of her "Forest Princess" may stand as her own epitaph :

I hear my father. Husband, fare thee well.
We part—but we shall meet—above !



BENJAMIN A. BAKER.

BENJAMIN A. BAKER.

I.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.

At the right of the stage there's friend Baker at his post,
For seven long years he has there ruled the roast ;
He now seldom acts save in old Hamlet's ghost,
For he is kept busy in being the prompter
At Mitchell's Olympic, up town.

"I rung up the first curtain at Mitchell's Olympic," said Benjamin A. Baker, the veteran prompter and acting manager, "and I rung down the last."

This was no idle boast, but a worthy pride on the part of one of the most useful and accomplished members of the dramatic profession New York has ever produced. The remark was casually uttered in a conversation between the interviewer and the distinguished actor and dramatist who is the subject of the present paper. It was peculiarly happy in its terseness, but it is more than terse—it is a proof of long and faithful service, and a key to unlock the treasured traditions of a remarkable episode in theatrical history. These will fill a volume, and as a consequence, this chapter must be confined to a personal narrative of the career of a man whose mind is a rich treasure-house of dramatic romance.

II.

A NEW YORK BOY.

"I was born in Grand Street, near the corner of Eldridge," Mr. Baker began, when requested to relate the facts touching his early life. "My father died when I was about ten years old, and I was put to work at the age of twelve, ever since which I have earned my own living. I was placed by my guardian as an apprentice to the harness-making trade, but I had a mind above

leather, and in the end I ran away. My apprentice days were with Smith & Wright, at Newark, N. J., and I was with them two years. When I left them I went to New Orleans, where I worked awhile at my trade and then entered a grocery store as clerk."

III.

STROLLING DAYS.

"When I was about seventeen years old," he continued, "I was seized with the wish to become an actor. At that time Richard Russell, who was the manager of the Camp Street Theatre, was about to send a company to Natchez. I applied to Charles Parsons, the tragedian, afterwards a famous Baptist preacher in the West, who was to be Russell's manager, for an engagement. To my great delight, he engaged me for utility business, and I shook off the dust of the grocery store, shouldered my trunk and went to Natchez. Imagine my disappointment on reaching there to discover that Mr. Parsons had entirely forgotten my engagement! As a consequence, the only place that was vacant was lamplighter to the theatre, with a promise of advancement. I was compelled to accede and I filled my humble place acceptably for three months, when my opportunity came. It was in 'Rob Roy,' my part being *McStuart*, one of the soldiers. From that time my advancement was rapid enough, but I had plenty of hard work to do. We did not remain at Natchez very long, but travelled from town to town, Grand Gulf, Jackson and Memphis, carrying our own scenery with us and fitting up such halls as we could find so as to make theatres out of them. At Memphis we bought lumber and built a slanting platform at one end of the room, on which we placed benches for the audience, while we used the floor at the other end for a stage. At Grand Gulf we landed at two o'clock in the morning, and I was compelled to remain alone on the levee all night to watch the scenery. One of the company gave me a pistol for use in case of an emergency. This frightened me more than the actual danger, and you may be sure that, boy as I was, I was glad to see the carts at daylight. Our stock pieces were the 'Floating Beacon' and the farce of the 'Two Gregories,' but if we remained two nights in a place we always changed the bill. We were not afraid to give the 'School for Scandal' or high tragedy. I always had a part, and it was thus I took my first lessons in acting."

IV.

WALKING GENTLEMAN AND ALL THE GHOSTS.

"How long did this life last?" the interviewer asked.

"Only one season," Mr. Baker replied. "After leaving Russell I went to Louisville, where I acted under the management of Mrs. Alexander Drake. H. L. Bateman, the father of the Bateman children, was the singing juvenile."

"Why is he always called H. L. Bateman instead of Henry L. or whatever his name was?" the interviewer inquired.

"Probably because it was Hezekiah L.," Mr. Baker answered, laughing. "I played walking gentleman in the farces and sometimes old men. There I again met my old tutor, Charles Parsons."

"Did you ever see him after he entered the ministry?"

"Oh, yes," was Mr. Baker's response. "He came up to me one day in Broadway, and showing by his manner that he had half forgotten me, he said, 'I know those eyes.'"

"How long did you remain with Mrs. Drake?"

"Two years, during which I played among other parts *Brabantio* to the elder Booth's *Othello*, and all the ghosts."

V.

METROPOLITAN DEBUT.

"And where did you go then?"

"Then I came on to New York, making my first appearance in this city at the Franklin Theatre as *Lord Stanley* to Booth's *Richard*. I was at the Franklin only a short time, and then I was engaged at the new Chatham Theatre under Willard & Flynn. There I played melodramatic business, juveniles, walking gentlemen, everything. I remained at the Chatham about six months, but in the end there was a little difference of opinion between me and the management because the salaries were not forthcoming, and I quit. It happened, however, that James S. Browne was to play *Robert Macaire* for Tom Flynn's benefit, and he would have no one but me for *Sergeant Loupy*. Missing me at rehearsal, he asked for me, and at his request I went back and played the part. Mitchell was there that night, acting *Baillie Nicol Jarvie* in 'Rob Roy,' and he engaged me in the green-room for the Olympic, which he was about to open."

VI.

PROMPTER AT MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC.

"My best part on the opening night at the Olympic was *Tom*, the honest servant in 'High Life below Stairs.' James S. Browne was my lord *Duke*. They had the laugh on me, because the honest servant gets no supper, which meant a good deal in this case, for from the very beginning the eating and drinking on Mitchell's stage were real. I also played *Smart* in 'No' the same night. My position, however, was that of prompter and stage manager. For a considerable period I acted regularly, but after awhile I found my duties so arduous that I gave up acting almost entirely."

VII.

"BOZ" IN THE PROMPT PLACE.

"When Dickens was in this country in 1842 he visited the theatre very often. He and Mitchell had been intimate friends before either of them was famous, and the latter introduced me in his dressing-room. After that almost every night 'Boz' would come and sit in my chair in the prompt place."

VIII.

"AMY LEE."

"What was your first effort as a dramatist?" the interviewer asked.

"'Amy Lee,'" Mr. Baker answered. "Through George Loder, we began to give opera at the Olympic, and as 'Amelie' was very popular at that time, it occurred to me to burlesque it. I thought I ought to be able to write a burlesque as well as Horncastle and Allan—Northall had not yet begun—and determined to try. 'Amy Lee' was written in pencil, but when it was finished I hesitated about showing my work to Mitchell, and so I first showed it to Wardle Corbyn, the treasurer, who pronounced it splendid. He recommended its production and it was put in rehearsal immediately. Everybody took hold, and as all the artists were like one family, they made the best of everything. Mrs. Timm was *Amy*

Lee, Mary Taylor *Lily Morgan*, Walcot *Jose Speckleback*, Nick-inson *Andy Blake* and Everard a *Cornet in the Florida War*. Miss Clarke tended a peanut stand. She did not have a line, but so great was her acting that all the others were nowhere beside her."

"Did you find it at all difficult to frame your first piece?"

Mr. Baker thought for a moment and then his face brightened.

"Not until I was nearly done with it," he said. "I had finished the piece, except that I was at a loss for a finale; but one morning while I was making the fire an idea struck me, and with a pencil in one hand and the poker in the other, I may say, I raked it out of the ashes."

IX.

OTHER BURLESQUES.

"This piece was of course soon followed by others?"

"By many others," Mr. Baker replied. "My burlesque of the 'Bohea Man's Girl' was the most successful of all my pieces, of which there were seventeen or eighteen altogether. The subjects of my dramatic efforts were mostly the follies of the day, and, of course, were not calculated to live."

X.

"MOSE."

"But *Mose* has lived," the interviewer interposed.

"That piece made me a great gun," Mr. Baker answered, laughing, "and it made Chanfrau famous in a single night almost. I struck *Mose* in 1848. It was first played for my benefit in a little piece of mine afterwards called 'A Glance at New York,' but named for that night only 'New York in 1848.' Mr. Mitchell used to give us a week's notice of our benefits. Mary Taylor was ill, and I depended on Chanfrau for mine that season. I had promised to write the part of a fire boy for him, and we thought that my benefit night would be a good time to try it. I made *Mose* a rough melon, but sweet at the core. In writing the piece I was afraid the Centre Market boys would take offence at it, and to satisfy them I put the pathos about the baby into it."

"Cornelius Mathews is under the impression that *Mose* was taken from his novel," the interviewer said, anxious to draw Mr. Baker out on this point, especially as Mr. John E. Owens had strenuously objected to Mr. Mathews' claim.

"I know that Mr. Mathews is under that impression," Mr. Baker replied; "indeed he has said the same thing to me, but it is a mistake. I had not read 'Puffer Hopkins' at the time I wrote 'A Glance at New York.' The only suggestions which were drawn from any extraneous source were the cellar scene and the part of *Major Gates*, the hint for which I took from '102 Broadway,' by William Henry Herbert. I never took the trouble to correct Mr. Mathews' mistake, and there are other claims in regard to the piece which are equally without foundation. For instance, I saw not long ago that one of the papers spoke of the death of the original of *Mose*—Mose Humphreys, who died recently in the Sandwich Islands. He always claimed to be the original, but I never thought of him either in writing or naming the part. Indeed, most of the parts were not named until after it was determined that the play should be called a 'Glance at New York,' and the piece, when it had been rewritten after its first production for my benefit, was not rechristened until it had been in rehearsal some time. Afterwards I wrote for the Chatham Theatre another piece with the character of *Mose* in it, which I called 'New York as It Is.' It was entirely different from a 'Glance at New York,' but it was in the same style."

"How about its production in Philadelphia?" the interviewer asked.

"Burton wanted to do the piece at the Arch Street Theatre, and he brought John E. Owens, who was his comedian, to the Olympic to see it. The house was so full that night that I had to give Owens a seat in the orchestra. After the performance Burton gave me \$25, the usual price for pieces in those days—twenty-five dollars was a pile of money then—and I furnished him with a copy."

XI.

TALENT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

Mr. Baker's face assumed a serious expression and he began to muse.

"I had excellent talent," he then said, "to sustain me in my efforts as a dramatist—Walcot, Nickinson, Mary Taylor, Miss Clarke. All of these were great favorites in their day, and deservedly so, for they were always perfect in anything they attempted. Not only before the public, but at rehearsal and in private, they did everything in their power to encourage me in my attempts at dramatic writing. But I had friends and encouragement in literary as well as theatrical circles. Fitz Greene Halleck especially took a great deal of interest in my work. He often came behind the scenes to see me, and he used to call me 'a brother author.'"

XII.

MR. BAKER IN BOSTON.

"Where did you go after the Olympic closed?" the interviewer asked.

"To Boston," was the answer, "where, in conjunction with W. B. English, I leased the Howard Atheneum. We closed the house after a season of six months, during which I managed to lose all the money I had saved. It was a disastrous season, especially in Boston, which could not support more than one attraction at a time. Jenny Lind was then in the zenith of her power, and instead of staying three nights, as was originally intended, she remained three weeks. This was a heavy blow for me. I was playing Charlotte Cushman at the time for half the house, and she did a very bad business—next to nothing, in fact."

XIII.

WANDERING.

"Where did you go next?"

"I went travelling through the New England States and succeeded, in part at least, in retrieving my Boston losses. Then I came back to New York, and soon afterwards I went to Washington as stage manager for E. A. Marshall. Subsequently I was in business in Lewis Street, having an interest in the New York City Flour Mills, but the confinement and worry did not suit me, and having an offer from Mrs. Sinclair (Mrs. Forrest) for California,

I went there. When I arrived in San Francisco I found that her mirror was not as bright as it had been polished—her fortunes were on the wane. After being with her three months I engaged with Samuel Colville for Sacramento. There I remained during the season, which was very profitable. We had all the stars—Barney Williams, Laura Keene, Mrs. Sinclair and the rest. Subsequently, in conjunction with Laura Keene and Joseph French, I leased the Metropolitan Theatre in Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and we had a successful season. Going back to Sacramento with Thomas Maguire, I met Edwin Booth on his return from Australia. It was suggested that he should come to the States as a star, and I travelled with him two years as his business manager. Since then a good many years have elapsed—years of hardship and toil—but I am still willing and ready and able to work.”

XIV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

It will be observed that Mr. Baker's reminiscences extend back over a long period, but he began his career as a very young man, and he was Mitchell's stage manager almost before he had attained his majority. As early as 1846, when the verse above quoted was written as part of the anniversary ode for that year at the Olympic, it was said of him—

He now seldom acts save in old Hamlet's ghost—

but from his youth up he was noted for an agreeable temper, united with firmness and impartiality. These distinguishing traits of character have been preserved, and until this day he has maintained his popularity with the profession.



ANNA BISHOP.

ANNA BISHOP.



I.

A TRAVELLER, LINGUIST AND CANTATRICE.

In her apartments at the Hotel Bristol in Eleventh Street, the interviewer found a lady who is not only a renowned cantatrice, but the greatest female traveller now living. During her professional career she has visited every part of the habitable globe, and has sung before more, and more diversified, audiences than any artiste who went before her, or has been cotemporary with her. She is an accomplished linguist, too, and has sung to audiences in their own tongue in every part of the world. Everywhere that she went she sang in the language of the people—a Danish ballad at Copenhagen; the Swedish national airs at Stockholm; in Russian at the soirées of Prince Youssopoff; in German at Vienna; in Italian at Venice, Rome and Florence; in French at Paris, and in English at London and New York. Such varied accomplishments and achievements could not well belong to more than one person, and it seems almost unnecessary to mention that her name is Madame Anna Bishop.

II.

HER EARLY MUSICAL TRAINING.

“I was born in London,” Madame Bishop said, “and my family being in affluent circumstances, it was determined that I should receive a thorough musical education, even before it was

suspected that I would be able to convince the world that I had a voice. I was destined by my parents for the piano-forte, and was entered at the Royal Academy of Music, where I made considerable progress on that instrument. Subsequently I was confided to the care of M. Moscheles, under whose guidance I made rapid and, I think I may say, distinguished progress. While I was undergoing the severe training necessary to the instrument which had been chosen for me, my voice was not neglected, and it developed into a pure and expressive soprano that surprised my friends. Its flexibility and power were especially attractive, and it was determined to bring me forward at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts. Up to that time I had given no attention to the modern Italian school of music, and I sang only the classical compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. These masters I undertook to interpret at the musical festivals at the cathedral towns of Gloucester, Worcester, York and Hereford, my success leading me to the study of music better adapted to the concert stage."

III.

DEBUT.

"My *debut* in this kind of music," she continued, "was at a concert at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, in July, 1839. Garcia, Persiana, Rubini, Tambourini, Mario and Lablache, all sang at that concert, and the instrumentalists were Thalberg, Dohler, Puzzi and Bochsá, with Costa as the conductor. It was a dangerous experiment in a young and untried girl, as I then was, but the critics said I was not eclipsed by this galaxy of talent, and I was accorded a triumphant success."

IV.

MADAME BISHOP'S FIRST TOUR.

"This determined my career, and soon afterwards I started on my first artistic tour, and it proved so successful that it was not completed for several years. I visited Denmark, Sweden, Russia,

Moldavia, Austria, Hungary and Bavaria, singing in all the principal cities and surprising the natives everywhere by giving them something in their own language. Even at Kasan, the capital of Tartary, where no singer had ever gone before, I ventured to give the national airs of the country in the original Tartar. It was in October, 1839, that I reached Copenhagen, where I gave ten concerts at the Theatre Royal and nine soirées at the Palace. At Stockholm, although the great Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind was then in the height of her popularity, my first concert was so successful that the next day every place in the house from *parterre* to gallery was taken for the four remaining concerts. Extra places on the stage were contrived, and these, too, were all taken. Continuing my tour, I reached St. Petersburg in May, 1840. I remained in the Russian capital more than a year. I frequently sang before the Imperial Court and at the private concerts of the nobility. Nothing, the Russians said, could be compared to the charm with which I invested their national airs and melodies, and these created a *furor* whenever and wherever I sang them. Leaving St. Petersburg, I sang at Derpat, Riga and Mirtau, and then gave eight concerts at Moscow, where I subsequently appeared as *Alice* in 'Robert le Diable,' in the Russian language. From Moscow I went in June, 1841, to Nijny Novgorod; and from thence to Kasan, the capital of Tartary. In November, 1841, I was at Odessa, and early in 1842 at Yassi, in Moldavia. After visiting Lemberg, Krakovia and Brunn, I went to Vienna, where Sir Robert Gordon, the English Ambassador, gave a grand concert expressly to introduce me to the Austrian nobility. After completing my engagements at Vienna, I sang in nearly all the German cities, and I may mention that at Munich the King of Bavaria prepared the programme for my concert with his own hand."

V.

ROYAL SOUVENIRS.

"This, I have been told, was not the only royal souvenir of your first tour," the interviewer suggested.

"Oh, no," Madame Bishop answered, smiling. "A little Danish ballad which I sang at Copenhagen so won the applause of Her

Majesty that she presented me with a superb diamond brooch, and at the great *fete* of the Emperor Nicholas, December 6, 1840, I received a splendid set of diamonds from that illustrious monarch."

VI.

IN ITALY.

"I visited Italy in the Summer of 1843," Madame Bishop resumed, "and performed in Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Florence, Rome and Naples. At Naples I sang in 'La Fidanzata,' an exceedingly popular opera by Signor Pacini, and achieved a success so decided that I was engaged for the San Carlo for the next twenty-seven months. During this period I appeared in opera three hundred and twenty-seven times and in twenty-four different works, among which were 'Otello,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'Beatrice di Tenda,' 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' 'I du e Foscari,' 'Roberto Devereaux,' 'Il Bravo,' 'Le Cantatrice Villane,' 'Il Vascello de Gama,' which was composed expressly for me by Mercadante. In 'Otello' I sang with the celebrated Donzelle, and I repeated the part of *Desdemona* eighteen times with great success, although at the time Malibran's memory was still fresh in the mind of every Neapolitan. My engagement at the San Carlo closed with *celat*, and then, after singing at Palermo during the *fetes* which were given there in November, 1845, I returned to England, visiting Zurich, Berne, Neufchatel, Geneva and Brussels, on the way, at each of which I gave concerts."

VII.

"WESTWARD HO!"

"And it was only with your return that your first tour is to be considered closed?" the interviewer suggested interrogatively.

"Yes," Madame Bishop replied. "I had been absent six years, and apart from the reputation that I had made as an artist, I had established some claims to be considered a great traveller. After

remaining in England for a year or so, singing in English and Italian opera and at concerts, I determined to come to America. That was in 1847. I was here three years before Jenny Lind thought of coming, and I preceded Grisi, Sontag, and, indeed, all the great singers of that period."

"Where did you make your first appearance in this country?"

"At the Park Theatre, August 4, 1847, on the first night of Mr. Simpson's last season. I was announced on the bills, I remember, as from the English and Italian operas of Europe, a pretty wide designation, but one which in my case was not unsuitable. My *debut* was made in an English version of 'Linda di Chamounix,' this being the first production of the opera in America. The cast was not what would now be regarded as an operatic cast, but Mrs. Bailey—Miss Watson—and Mrs. Knight were in it, and altogether it proved quite satisfactory."

Madame Bishop's first engagement at the Park was very successful, and she was recognized as the finest acting English vocalist who had ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic. At that time, too, she was, Mr. Ireland says, charming alike by her loveliness of person and fascination of manner.

"After leaving the Park," she said, taking up the thread of her narrative, "I made a tour of the country, appearing in all the principal cities, both in concert and opera. For several years I repeated my visits to the chief towns annually, and even extended my journeyings to Havana and Mexico, and finally to California. From California I was induced to visit the Australian colonies."

VIII.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

"In what year was that?" the interviewer asked.

"I reached Sydney in December, 1855," Madame Bishop replied, "and began a series of concerts immediately upon my arrival. Subsequently I appeared in English and Italian opera. From Sydney I went to Melbourne and Adelaide and then sailed for South America, landing at Callao. I remained at Lima for a season and then went to Valparaiso and Santiago, appearing in opera at all of these places to large and enthusiastic audiences.

After completing my engagements in these cities, I undertook the perilous journey across the Andes and reached Mendoza, at the foot of the Cordilleras, in five days. From this point I continued my line of march across the Pampas, reaching Rosario in nine days. I then visited Parana, Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, giving concerts and appearing in opera at each. From Montevideo I went to Rio de Janeiro, where I also appeared in opera and was honored on several occasions by the presence of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. From Rio I sailed for England, where I arrived in September, 1858, after an absence of eleven years."

IX.

A YEAR IN ENGLAND.

"How long did you remain in England that time?" the interviewer asked.

"Not quite a year," was the answer. "I made a tour of the three kingdoms with the great Jullien and sang in concerts at Exeter Hall, St. James' Hall and the Crystal Palace. At the Grand Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace, I sang Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' to thirty-eight thousand people. In August, 1859, I gave a farewell concert at the Surrey Music Hall, and immediately afterwards I sailed for America a second time, arriving in New York in September."

X.

IN AMERICA ONCE MORE.

"In New York," Madame Bishop continued, "I again appeared in opera, and after singing in Boston in oratorio for the Handel and Haydn Society, I made a tour of the Southern States, including Texas. In 1860 I was in St. Louis and Chicago. At Toronto I was honored with the presence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. My sojourn in the United States that time lasted about five years, but in 1865 I revisited Mexico. Returning to New York by way of Havana, I determined upon a tour of the world."

XI.

ROUND THE WORLD.

"It would be impossible for me to remember the particulars of that long journey," she said, taking from her desk a printed slip which contained a record of her travels. "I sailed from New York for California," Madame Bishop continued, after scanning it, "September 1, 1865, and arrived at San Francisco in the latter end of the month, where I gave a season of English and Italian opera before going to the Sandwich Islands. Indeed, a tour as far as Virginia City and Carson was previously undertaken. At Honolulu I gave a series of concerts in the Court House before the King and Royal Family and then set sail for Hong Kong. On the passage we were wrecked on Wake Island, which was merely a coral reef, and from there we only managed to escape in an open boat to the Ladrões. The boat was but twenty-two feet long, and we were in it thirteen days. I lost everything, including my music, but still I managed to give concerts at Amoy, Foochow, Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta and Madras. I made extended journeys into the interior of India and sang before both native and European dignitaries. After going to Ceylon I visited South Australia and New Zealand, and made my way back to London by way of Aden and Alexandria. Lastly, I came back to New York and again filled professional engagements in the United States."

XII.

AROUND THE WORLD AGAIN.

"In May, 1873, I gave a farewell concert in Steinway Hall, preparatory to another tour around the world. This time I took the overland route across the continent, giving concerts at all the principal cities on the way, including Salt Lake City. In the Mormon capital I gave my concerts in the theatre belonging to the Church, and closed with a musical jubilee in the tabernacle, on the fourth of July. The temple was never before used by any person for a like purpose. It is a place capable of seating twelve

thousand people, has one of the best organs in the country, and my audience on that occasion was a grand sight, I can assure you. I have often thought the temple the most perfect building for sound I ever sang in. My stay on the Pacific Coast was prolonged a year and a half, and it was not until October, 1874, that I sailed for Sydney by way of Sandwich Islands. I met with a kind welcome from the people of New South Wales on this my third visit to the Antipodes, and gave concerts in the cities of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, visiting Ballarat and other towns in Victoria. I even gave concerts at Wagga-Wagga, a town made famous as being at one time the residence of the bogus Tichborne. After a stay of nearly twelve months, I sailed for England, intending to touch at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, on the way. It was in September, 1875, that I arrived at the Cape, where I found the people quite new to me, excepting the Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Henry Barkley, whom I knew twenty years before, when he was the Governor of Victoria. After giving twelve concerts, I visited Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, King William's Town, Durban and Pietermaritzburg. Returning to Cape Town, I made a journey to the Diamond Fields, on my return giving another series of concerts at Port Elizabeth, where I made my adieu to South Africa."

XIII.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Madame Anna Bishop was the first wife of Sir Henry Bishop, the distinguished musician and composer. Some years after the death of Sir Henry she married Mr. Schultz, and now signs herself Anna Bishop-Schultz. She is well preserved and happy, in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and almost as young as she was thirty years ago. Even her voice retains many of its former marvelous characteristics, and she has sung in New York within the last few months, and may sing again to the wonder and delight of her admirers.



THOMAS H. HADAWAY.

THOMAS H. HADAWAY.



I.

A GREAT BUT FORGOTTEN COMEDIAN.

In the palmy days of the drama, Thomas H. Hadaway was an important figure. As long ago as 1831-2 he was acting at the Bowery, under Hamblin, having been a player in England for more than ten years previously. He was highly appreciated as a comedian, especially in Philadelphia, where he was a prime favorite. His most attractive part at that time was *Caleb Quotem*, in the "Review," in which he was so justly celebrated that his portrait in the clocked stockings, buckled shoes and eccentric wig of that universal genius was engraved to ornament the edition of the farce belonging to "Turner's Dramatic Library." Once in a long time this picture may be picked up in the print-shops or second-hand bookstores. Hadaway at that time was in the prime of life, and the portrait presents him as an exceedingly handsome, graceful and picturesque actor. It is in marked contrast with the accompanying picture, which was engraved from a photograph taken about twenty years ago; but in still more marked contrast was the glimpse I got of a weak, infirm old man, at his home at Stony Brook, Long Island. Thomas H. Hadaway still lives, but he is excluded from the world, which has well-nigh forgotten him. because, shattered in health and in mind, he has even more completely forgotten the world.

II.

MR. AND MRS. HADAWAY.

Hadaway was born at Alfric, in Worcestershire, in 1801. When he was twenty years old he took to the stage, but his efforts for a long period were confined to the provinces, and it was not until 1831 that he obtained an opening in London. There he married the beautiful Miss Hallande, whose portrait has been preserved in the Oxberry Drama, and in the same year, with his young wife, he joined Hamblin's forces in America. They made their American *debut* on the New York stage the same night at the Bowery, November 10, 1831, he as *Dominie Sampson* in "Guy Mannering," and as *Robin* in "No Song, No Supper," and she as *Lucy Bertram* and *Margaretta*. Mr. Hadaway proved himself one of the best comedians who had yet been seen on our stage, and Mrs. Hadaway gave great satisfaction, both as an actress and a singer. To him it was the beginning of a long career—to her it was only a promise of a bright future, for, on the 22d of August, 1832, she died suddenly of cholera, having played the night before.

III.

FIRST SEASON IN NEW YORK.

Had Hadaway's memory lasted he would have been able to give many interesting reminiscences of his first season in New York. Both at the Park and the Bowery it was the epoch of a generation of young actors who were to become famous. At the Bowery especially, when the Hadaways first found their way there, were many actors and actresses already distinguished, or soon to become so. Billy Gates was in the height of his popularity in the broad humor of low comedy. George Jones, in later life the eccentric so-called Count Joannes, was a juvenile tragedian of much merit and great promise. Josephine Clifton had just begun her great career and was playing *Elvira*, *Belvidera*, *Lady Macbeth* and *Juliet* for the first time. The first of the numerous Mrs. Ham-

blins—Elizabeth Blanchard—was still living with her husband, and the second—Naomi Vincent—made her *debut* during the season. Among those who are still living may be named Emily Mestayer and Mary Ann Russell, the daughter of Richard Russell, but better known as Mrs. Farren. Mr. Farren as *Figgins* and Miss Mestayer as *Miss Thompson*, played with Hadaway as *Banbury* in the farce of “Everybody’s Husband.” With Mrs. Hadaway as *Norna* in the original cast of the “Ice Witch,” were George Jones as *Harold*, Gates as *Magnus Snoro*, and Miss Waring, afterwards Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., as *Hecla*. When Mrs. Hamblin (Miss Blanchard) appeared as *Victorine*, after her return from Europe, Hadaway was *Griffon*; and when John R. Scott produced C. W. Taylor’s dramatization of “Eugene Aram,” he played *Peter Dealtry* with Mrs. Hadaway as *Madge*. It will thus be seen that the newcomers were brought into immediate contact with the popular favorites of the time, in view of which their success must be considered all the more marked, as, of necessity, it was in consequence of distinguished merit.

For the season of 1832–3, the Bowery opened on the 20th of August with the “School for Scandal.” The cast was one which at this day would be regarded as phenomenal. The venerable William Blanchard, Mrs. Hamblin’s father, was *Sir Peter*, and Mrs. Hamblin *Lady Teazle*. George Jones was *Charles Surface*, Gates *Moses* and Hadaway *Crabtree*. In those days, even plays cast as Sheridan’s masterpiece was on this occasion, were not put on “for a run,” and on the second night of the season the “School for Scandal” gave place to the “Ice Witch,” with Mrs. Hadaway as *Norna*. Soon after the performance she was seized with the cholera, and she died the following day. Subsequently we miss Mr. Hadaway’s name from the bills, and when we next hear of him he is in Philadelphia.

IV.

HADAWAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

“Having succeeded in establishing the Walnut Street as a Winter theatre,” Wemyss writes, “I should have been content; but the Summer season having been looked upon heretofore as

exclusively belonging to this theatre. I was induced to make the trial which cost me eleven or twelve hundred dollars during the fifty-six nights it was open, and is only remarkable for having introduced Hadaway to this theatre, who became a reigning favorite during the whole of my career as a manager."

This was in 1835. Previously Hadaway had been with Maywood, Rowbotham & Pratt at the Chestnut Street Theatre. What were his parts and what the measure of his success it is impossible to ascertain at this time, for the dramatic ana of the period is so scattered that only a long and laborious search and great industry would bring it together. In the books written by the Philadelphia managers, Wood and Wemyss, Hadaway is mentioned, but neither gives the parts he played nor any analysis of his acting. In "Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager," his name is set opposite to a part only once—as *Faintheart* in "Jack Cade," when the play in which Edwin Forrest afterwards became so famous was first acted, December 9, 1835. The piece had been written by Judge Conrad for A. A. Addams, but it was in reality the property of Wemyss, who had bought the right to produce it. Owing to his unfortunate habits, Addams disappointed the audience, and finally Ingersoll was substituted for him in the part of *Jack Cade*. Ingersoll's name was in the bill on the night when Hadaway first played *Faintheart*, but Addams subsequently took the *role* and failed in it, before "Aylesmere" was rewritten for Forrest.

V.

HADAWAY'S BENEFITS.

The best measure of Hadaway's success in Philadelphia is to be found in the few memoranda of his benefits which Wemyss thought fit to make. When that energetic but unfortunate manager closed the Walnut Street Theatre under his management forever, July 25, 1840, the closing performance was for Hadaway's benefit. At that time Hadaway's rivals were William E. Burton and John Sefton, and it happened, in April, 1839, that the three took benefits in succession, Burton's yielding \$536, Sefton's \$702, and Hadaway's \$944. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate that Hadaway's popularity was greater than that of either of the others. In May of

the same year they began an engagement together, but Warren—Manager Warren, the father of William Warren of the Boston Museum—complained bitterly because he could not get them to act in the same pieces. “Hadaway frightened them both off the course,” says Wemyss.

VI.

HADAWAY AS A STREET ORATOR.

When Wemyss undertook the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Hadaway went with him as stage manager. The house was to have opened September 7, 1840, with a novelty in the lighting of the auditorium even more astonishing than the electric light is now—gas. Burton was managing the Chestnut Street Theatre, and he too was intent upon gas. Both theatres were to open on the same night, and the same plumber made the gas fixtures for both. It turned out, however, that while Burton’s pipes were finished and his theatre lighted, Wemyss’ were neglected, and late in the evening, when the audience was already beginning to assemble, the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Gas Company informed him that, as the pipes had not been proved, it would be impossible to turn on the gas. The doors could not be opened, but the crowd increased and soon grew clamorous. Wemyss addressed them from the piazza, explaining the difficulty, and Hadaway made a speech on the opposite side of the street, on the outskirts of the crowd, persuading them to disperse. This is Hadaway’s only known attempt at street oratory, but it was unfortunate the attempt was necessary, for although the house was opened with the gas on the following evening, it was only to \$152. This circumstance finally ruined Wemyss as a manager, and after two weeks—the first of the season—the company was disbanded.

VII.

CALEB QUOTEM.

Hadaway had now been ten years in New York and Philadelphia, and in the latter city his name stood highest as a comedian. As Hilson was especially distinguished as *Paul Pry*, Sefton as

Jemmy Twitcher, Burton as *Aminadab Slick* and *Toodles*, so Hadaway made his greatest mark as *Caleb Quotem*. The farce of "The Review" was one in which, as *John Lump*, Junius Brutus Booth loved to make himself ridiculous. As early as 1833 they had played their respective *roles* together at the Bowery. In 1834 Hadaway played his part at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and in 1836 and 1837 at the Walnut, with so much effect, that in the latter year all the aspiring comedians of the time played the part—Burton at the Chestnut, in Philadelphia, and John Fisher at the Park, Gates at the Bowery and Sefton at the Franklin, in New York. Despite their efforts, Hadaway's superiority was unshaken and while farce remained on the stage, he continued to sing :

I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
My name is Caleb Quotem,
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer,
In short, I am factotum.

VIII.

BACK TO THE BOWERY.

In July, 1843, after an absence of twelve years, Mr. Hadaway returned to the Bowery Theatre, making his reappearance as *Marmaduke Magog*. During the season he occasionally appeared in familiar *roles* and in some new parts, but the noteworthy play that year was Bannister's "Putnam." This piece was first produced August 5, and it had a run of seventy-eight consecutive nights. Hadaway played *Starkham*. Such was the success of this play that the season of 1844-5 opened with it, together with a domestic drama entitled "Warning, or Woman's Faith," in which Hadaway was cast for *Union Jack*.

On the 6th of January, 1845, Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts" was produced simultaneously at the Park and the Bowery. At the former Chippendale was the *Jesse Rural* and J. R. Scott at the latter; Mr. Crisp, the father of Henry Crisp, was the *Littleton Coke* at the one and E. L. Davenport at the other; and Thomas Barry was *Tom Coke* as against J. B. Booth, Jr.; John Fisher *Col. Rocket* as against Mr. Milner; Dyott *Lord Charles Roebuck* as against C. W. Clarke, and Skerrett *Bob* as against

Hadaway. Mrs. Barry played *Countess Pompon*, Miss C. Ellis *Lady Alice* and Mrs. Abbott *Miss Rocket*, at the Park as against Mrs. Stickney, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Rosina Shaw, now Mrs. Watkins.

During the season of 1845-6 Hadaway created the part of *Timothy Treacle* in the "Wizard of the Wave," *Wamba* in the drama of "Ivanhoe,"—Mr. F. S. Chanfrau making his first appearance as the aged *Cedric of Rotherwood*—and *Badralbadour* in a drama by T. W. Pittman, entitled the "Last of the Thousand and One Nights."

In the Autumn of 1846 the Bowery passed into the hands of A. W. Jackson with F. C. Wemyss as acting manager. Hadaway was retained, appearing on the opening night as *Pryce Pelican* in a drama called "Yew Tree Ruins," and playing *Pudeater* in Cornelius Mathews' play of "Witchcraft," which Murdock produced May 17, 1847. This season closed Hadaway's connection with the Bowery Theatre.

IX.

HADAWAY AT THE BROADWAY.

The old Broadway Theatre, near Worth Street, was first opened to the public in the Autumn of 1847, with the "School for Scandal." On the opening night C. W. Hunt appeared as *Crabtree*. Early in the season Mr. Hunt left the theatre and Hadaway was engaged in his place, making his first appearance November 8th as *Francois* in the "Ladder of Love." Subsequently he played *Cheap John* in Buckstone's "Flowers of the Forest," *Solomon Griper* in Lover's "Emigrant's Dream," *Bob* in "Old Heads and Young Hearts" to the *Fesse Rural* of Blake and the *Littleton Coke* of Lester (Lester Wallack), *Tom Badger* in Brougham's "Romance and Reality," and *Snobson* in Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion."

Hadaway was again at the Broadway in the season of 1848-9, when he played, among other original parts, *Caderouse* in George Andrews' dramatization of the "Count of Monte-Christo," *Nathan Prentiss* in Charles Edwards Lester's "Kate Woodhull," *Major Bellamy Fuss* in Boucicault's "West End," and *Timothy Woodenhead* in "Which is the King?"

X.

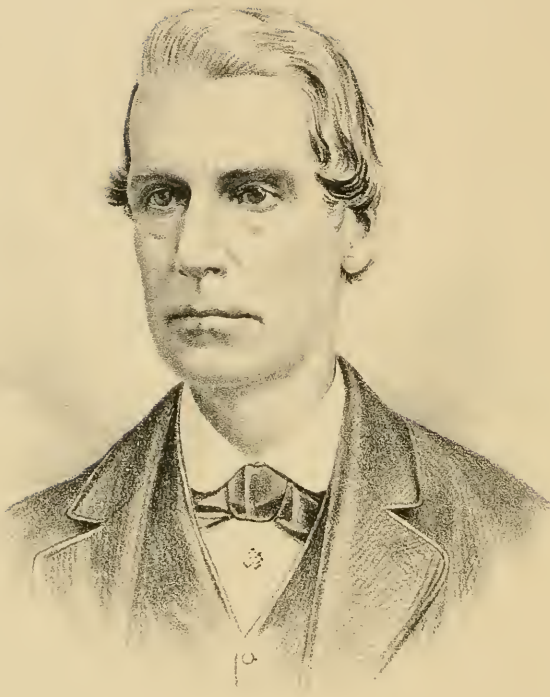
HADAWAY AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

Subsequently Hadaway played a short engagement at Burton's Theatre in Chambers Street and then he went to Barnum's Museum, where he acted such parts as were allotted him in the moral dramas for which that place was noted. He gave great satisfaction to the patrons of the Museum, remaining with Mr. Barnum fifteen years, and finally retired to his farm at Stony Brook.

XI.

IN RETIREMENT.

Mr. Hadaway has been twice married since the death of his first wife, but he has suffered many domestic misfortunes, death being a frequent visitor at his hearthstone. He was in his time a great favorite, and his powers as a comedian are still remembered with pleasure by a few old playgoers. His fame is not so great as Burton's, but his merit was not less, and but for the cloud which settled upon his once brilliant intellect, he would be able to recall a past as bright as any in the annals of the stage.



ALEXANDER ALLAN.

ALEXANDER ALLAN.

I.

A STORY OF A DRAMATIST.

It is a common complaint that we have no American dramatists, and yet those we have had—successful ones at that—are forgotten. Among these, there is still living an old man, almost weary of life, who in his younger days was the friend of the elder Wallack, the daily companion of Mitchell, and the chosen scribe of Hamblin. Interesting as his story is, it has never been told; but an interviewer sought him, and with this introduction it is only necessary to present him in his own words.

II.

GLANCE AT MR. ALLAN'S CAREER.

His name is Alexander Allan. He was born in London in 1806, his father being Scotch and his mother English.

"I wrote many pieces for the Old Bowery," he said, "when that favorite theatre was under Hamblin's management, and during Mitchell's occupancy of the old Olympic, I altered, localized and re-wrote a large number of the pieces produced there. I wrote in the part in which Mary Taylor first made a hit, and I also wrote for her, her celebrated song of Lucy Long. My last play was the 'Alchemist's Daughter,' a very powerful one, with a strong part for the daughter. This piece I left with A. M. Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre. I may say I have still a later play, 'The Skeleton in the Closet,' which was never produced. I think it is a strong play of its kind. I can scarcely hope for its production, because I am bound to confess that I am unable to write the society plays at present in vogue."

III.

REMINISCENCES OF BRIGHTON.

“Among my earliest recollections,” Mr. Allan continued, “are my visits to the Brighton Theatre. Brighton had not yet become the fashionable watering-place it now is, although the Prince Regent, ‘Gentleman George,’ afterwards George the Fourth, had taken a fancy to it as a bathing place and built his palace there—the Pavilion. I remember the first announcement of his intention to honor the theatre with his presence. The house was crowded, but he did not come. The audience was not slow in expressing its displeasure; why, I did not then understand, as his Majesty was nothing in comparison with the performance. I had frequently seen the Regent ride out with his suite on the cliffs, and imagined Colonel Congreve, inventor of the Congreve rockets, who was in the company, the greater man of the two.”

IV.

SLOMAN.

“At this period, Sloman, whose daughters I believe still live in New York, was the comic singer of the Brighton Theatre, and was as great a favorite there as he afterwards became in New York, with his ‘Betsy Baker’ and other songs.”

V.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GALT, THE NOVELIST.

“Descended from a literary family, I inherited some of their talent. My aunt, on my mother’s side, was the author of ‘The Monk and the Vine Dresser,’ and of a volume of poems; and a cousin of my mother afterwards became celebrated for his literary connection with the Scotch monthlies. John Galt, the novelist, was

also a connection by marriage on my father's side. He was the great man of my childhood, and his visits in all probability gave me the first impulse to imitate his talents. It was a habit of his, you know, to seize upon real events and real characters as the foundations for his stories. As for instance, old Grant Thorburn, the seedsman, in John Street, near Broadway, was the original of Laury Todd. At Brighton my brother and I possessed a rocking-horse; it was a favorite plaything with his sons and us, but by some accident its nose was broken. At a dinner party Mr. Galt was offered a liberal sum by a well-known publisher for a story. The disaster to our rocking-horse was still in his memory, and he made that his subject. It delighted me when it was published and increased my admiration of the author a hundred-fold. I pored over his 'Annals of the Parish' and his novel which contained a powerful description of the great plague in London in Edward the Third's time; I think its name was 'Rothersten.' I was an imaginative child, with less physical than mental abilities. From my infancy almost I was fond of books, but it was more than anything else these early associations with the author of the 'Lives of the Players,' which gave a theatrical direction to my thoughts, and made me in the end a playwright.

VI.

ALLAN'S EARLY YEARS IN NEW YORK.

"Years past away. After visiting France and Scotland, where I remained a short time at the ancestral estate—Broomielaw—I witnessed in Edinburgh the procession in which Sir Walter Scott marched to welcome George the Fourth. A few months later I landed in New York with my mother and brother, where my father, who had preceded us, joined us; that was in 1822. The yellow fever was raging in the city, and so after a brief stay we went to Paterson, N. J. My mother died there, and then with my father and brother I came back to New York. The first thing which happened me here was to be thrown from a horse and dragged, with my foot entangled in the stirrup, from White to Pearl Streets, opposite the New York Hospital, into which I was taken and tenderly cared for. One of the pleasantest incidents connected with

this accident, which was a serious one to me, was the kindness I received from a stranger. A few doors from the Masonic Hall was a fruit store kept by an old Frenchman. I never knew his name, but he often brought me fruit, and even now that I am an old man his generous sympathy endears him to my heart. Failing in business in this country, my father returned to Liverpool soon after my recovery, taking me and my brother with him. It was his hope that his relatives would take care of us, but in this he was disappointed, and so he brought us back to New York. Reverses had unsettled his mind. Fortunately he succeeded in binding us apprentices to the firm of Addison, Wilmar & Moffat, manufacturing jewelers, before he became hopelessly insane."

VII.

ALLAN WRITES FOR THE "MIRROR."

"I worked faithfully for my employers, but the craving to finish my education was strong in me, and I asked them to afford me an opportunity to do so. The reply was that I was as mad as my father to ask it. This rebuke, which was not unkindly meant, stung me to the quick. I was painfully sensitive, and from that hour shrunk into myself. I rose at four o'clock in the morning and sat up until twelve at night. This habit I followed for many years. I was sixteen years old when I wrote my first article for the press. I remember how I stole down to the *Mirror* office in Ann Street, and dropped my communication into the box unseen. The *Mirror* at that time was edited by Morris, Willis & Fay. To my delight my contribution was published in the next issue. My next attempt was a play, intended for home use, and my contributions to the press continued, but I made no attempt at play-writing for the stage until after I was twenty-one."

VIII.

ALLAN'S FIRST PLAY.

"When I began as a dramatist I encountered all the disappointments that young authors must expect to encounter. At last,

however, I had a piece accepted by Edmund Simpson of the Park Theatre; but the profitable seasons that followed with Kean (Edmund Kean, after his return from England and his famous humble apology), appeared, only to be followed by other stars. My piece was laid on the shelf, and no doubt forgotten."

IX.

THE PIRATES OF THE PINDA.

"The first piece produced for me was at the Bowery Theatre, with Hamblin as manager. It was accepted by Tom Flinn and produced for his benefit, under the name of the "Pirates of Pinda." It helped to draw a full house, but that was its only merit. The actors did not know a line of their parts. The lines probably were not worth learning. I was thoroughly ashamed of my work, being fully convinced that the cause of failure was my own inexperience, but one advantage was gained for me by its production—a very remarkable advantage by the way—it obtained for me the goodwill of Mr. Hamblin."

X.

DRAMATIZES "LEILA" FOR MR. WALLACK.

"When James Wallack assumed the management of the National Theatre, in Church Street, I sought his acquaintance. I admired his talents as an actor, and soon learned to regard him with warm feelings as a kind and courteous gentleman. At this period dramatized versions of Bulwer's novels obtained great popularity at the Bowery, through Hamblin's success with Miss Medina's dramatizations. In consequence, I seized upon the latest work of the popular novelist just then published and dramatized it for Mr. Wallack. It was accepted and at once put upon the stage, although Miss Medina had also offered Mr. Wallack a piece from the same novel. It was entitled "Leila" and was produced at a heavy expense and kept the boards until the end of the season.

Finding that I was the successful candidate, Mr. Hamblin offered to take the second part in it if Mr. Wallack would personate the first. The honor was kindly meant, but was declined in consequence of the objections of Dr. Hart, who had personal reasons for disliking Hamblin."

XI.

ANECDOTE OF HAMBLIN.

"Speaking of Hamblin, recalls an anecdote of his sudden rise on the stage, which I had from his own lips years afterwards. He was at the beginning of his career little better than a supernumerary under Liston, in London. One day the eccentric manager received word at rehearsal that the actor who was up for *Hamlet* that night would be unable to appear. There was no one who could be substituted for him. Liston was perplexed. What could be done was a question difficult to solve. Hamblin stood at the wing listening to the discussion, and after a while ventured to approach the manager, and offered to undertake the part.

'You,' exclaimed Liston sharply, turning around and eyeing him from head to foot

'I have studied the part and know it thoroughly,' replied Hamblin with earnest confidence.

Everybody was astonished at the young man's presumption. There was an ominous silence, and all expected to hear an angry rebuff from the manager, but Hamblin's confident bearing and good looks made a favorable impression, and after listening thoughtfully to such parts of the character as he deemed necessary, Liston gave his consent to the attempt. It proved completely successful, and Hamblin, through that night's performance, was enabled to achieve his deserved eminence in his profession."

XII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ALLAN'S PLAYS.

"Mr. Wallack produced another play of mine, 'Alice,' and still another piece, 'The Drunkard's Warning,' was cast and on the

bills when the unfortunate destruction of the theatre by fire occurred. Of my connection with the Olympic when Mitchell became its manager, I may say that it is impossible for me to remember even the names of the pieces I produced there. They were written hurriedly as occasion required, and I kept few copies and no record of them. As acting pieces they were highly successful, but as literary productions—shall I confess it—I was ashamed of them. ‘Asmodeus in New York,’ ‘May-day,’ ‘Mrs. B.,’ ‘1940,’ ‘Stars at the Astor,’ ‘Saratoga Springs,’ ‘Twelve Months,’ ‘The Red Man,’ and ‘The Lady in Black,’ were among them. I still remember the crowded houses drawn by them in the Olympic’s earlier days. The pieces I wrote for the Bowery at the same time were equally successful, but there, too, I have forgotten the names of many of them.”

XIII.

MISFORTUNES BEGIN.

“The same thing is true,” Mr. Allan continued, “of the pieces I wrote for Mr. Hamblin after he regained the Bowery. While negotiating for it he sent for me. I had previously written for him a national drama in three acts. It had been accepted and cast, with Mrs. Shaw and J. R. Scott in the principal parts. Before it could be produced the Bowery Theatre was burned down, and I thought that the piece was lost. Hamblin had saved it, however, and was anxious to make it one of his earliest attractions when he reopened, being confident of its success, cast as originally intended. While the negotiations about the theatre were going on I took the MS. home with me to revise. Several other pieces were written for the opening, at my leisure, and produced. ‘The White Boy,’ dramatized from Mr. Hall’s novel, was one of them. Two others followed, but they have passed from me. It is not to be wondered at, for I started for home one stormy night and found that I had lost all the labors of my past life, by fire. A conflagration that consumed nearly half a block in Wooster Street broke out during my absence, and nearly everything I possessed was irretrievably lost; all my books and manuscripts and a large stock of jewelry brought for a few weeks’ safe-keeping from our factory in the

Bowery. The double blow was a heavy one, but worse ensued, as my brother became alarmingly ill from the excitement, and I was obliged to manage the business alone. In consequence I was compelled to relinquish all literary engagements from inability to attend to them. It was giving up all that I had struggled to attain—all I had hoped to achieve. The battle of life had to begin again, with fewer prospects of success, for the shelved dramatist seldom if ever recovers his lost position. His former connections pass away, and younger aspirants crowd past him with fresh novelties, suiting the ever changing tastes of the public, which he fails to recognize, or is unable to gratify.

XIV.

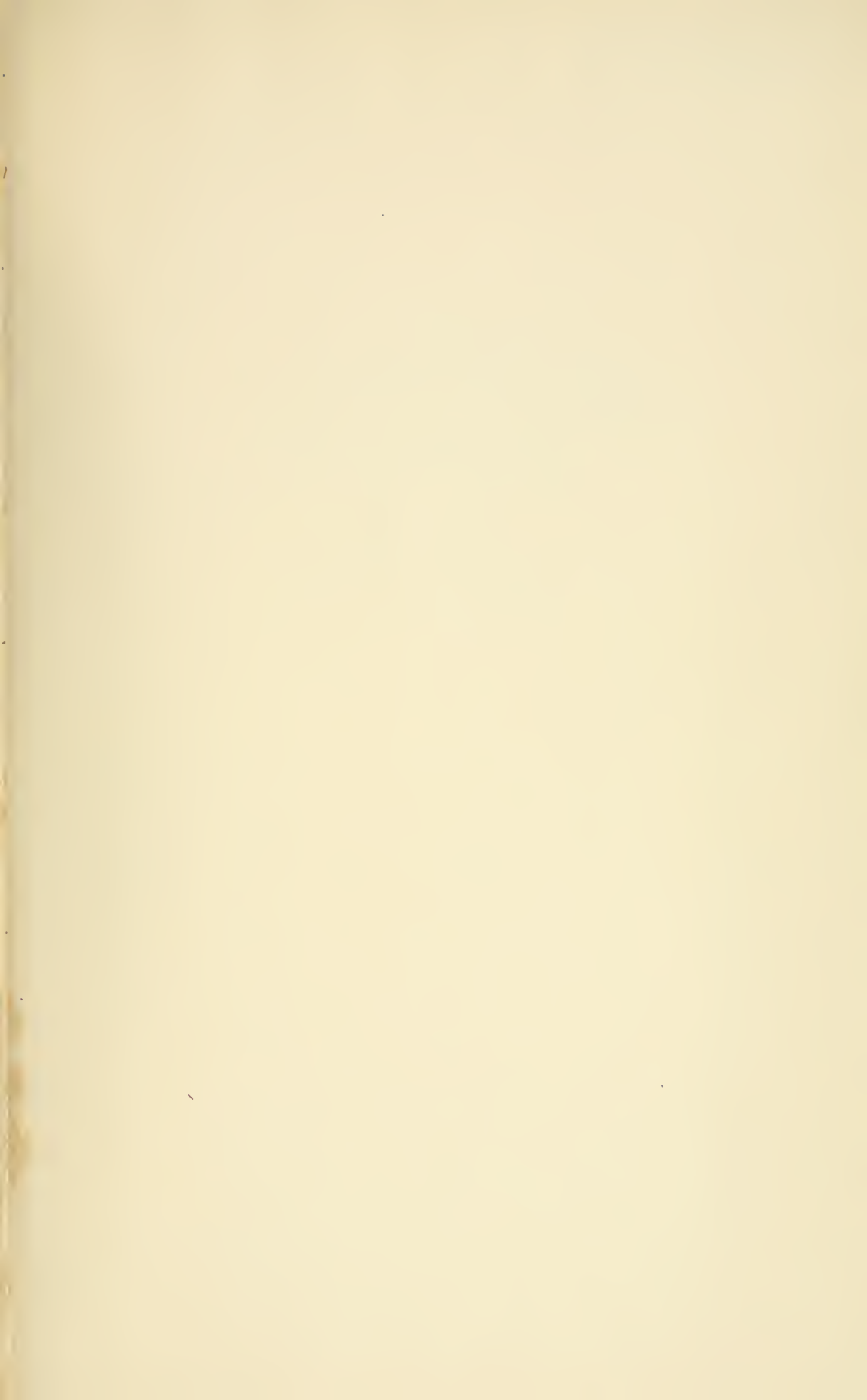
THE WALLACKS.

“When Mr. James Wallack returned to New York, our intimacy was renewed. I wrote a number of three and five-act pieces for him, in two of which he studied the parts; but his health, after he built his theatre in Broadway, had so much failed that he was never able to appear there. During his long illness I was constantly with him, and he became deeply attached to me, as I was to him. Mr. Lester Wallack, his son, has been equally friendly and kind, and to him I am indebted for many an hour’s enjoyment in his theatre, to which I have always been received with a warm and hearty welcome.”

XV.

LONGINGS.

“A constant writer for years, I have many MS. pieces and other MSS., of which it is unnecessary to speak. Whether they will ever be published or serve for a bonfire when I have passed away, time only can tell; but the latter fate is most probable.”





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